



J. Basire sculp.



J. Basire sculp.

re Barrett afterwards Censured
THE
BASSET-TABLE:
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted
At the THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Drury-Lane*, by His Majesty's
Servants.

*By the Author of A BOLD STROKE FOR A
WIFE ; and the BEAU'S DUEL.*

THE THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N :
Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb* on
Ludgate-Hill. M.DCC.XXXV.

THE
BASSETT-TABLE:

APRIL 1841.

At the Theatre Royal,
Barrow, on the 18th of April 1841.

By the order of the
British Museum,
LONDON.



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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR

Lord *ALTHAM*,

BARON of *ALTHAM*,

In the Kingdom of IRELAND.

My LORD,

POETRY, in its first Institution, was principally design'd to correct and rectify Manners. Thence it was that the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stages were accounted Schools of Divinity and Morality, where the Tragick Writers of those Days inspir'd their Audiences with *Noble* and *Heroick* Sentiments, and the *Comick* laughed and diverted them out of their *Vices*; and by ridiculing *Folly*, *Intemperance*, and *Debauchery*, gave them an Indignation for those Irregularities, and made them pursue the opposite *Virtues*.

This caus'd the *Dramatic Poets*, in ancient Times not only to be revered by

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the lower Sort of People, but highly esteem'd and courted by Persons of the first Rank; and though the Writers of latter Ages, have, in a greater Measure, not to say in a scandalous Manner deviated from the Footsteps and Examples of their Predecessors, yet have they found Protection and Favour with those, who have been so generous as to ascribe the Faults of the *Poets* to the Degeneracy of the *Age* wherein they liv'd.

This Consideration, *my Lord*, has imbolden'd me to this Address; for tho' on the one Hand I am sensible, that the following Piece does little merit your *Lordship's* Patronage, yet your innate Goodness and Generosity give me Hopes, that your *Lordship* will pardon this Intrusion, in which I have the Examples of all those that wrote before me to bear me out. I heartily wish this Play were more worthy of your *Lordship's* Acceptance: Yet so much, I hope, will be forgiven to the Fondness of a Mother for her Production, if I say, in its Favour, that through the whole Piece, I have had a tender regard to good Manners, and by the main Drift of it, endeavour'd to ridicule and correct one of the most reigning Vices of the Age. I might say, as many of my *Brethren* have done upon slighter Grounds, that this Play has had the good Fortune to please and divert

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divert the nicest and politest Part of the Town; but I should set little Stress on their Applause, had I not some Reason to depend upon your *Lordship's* Approbation, whose Judgment, Penetration, and Discernment, are alone sufficient to do full Justice to a Performance of this Kind.

And now, my *Lord*, if I followed the beaten Road of Dedicators, it would naturally engage me in a *Panegyrick* upon your *Lordship's* Personal Virtues, and those of your *Noble and Pious Family*; but I shall purposely decline a Task to which I freely own my Ability is unequal, and which, tho' managed by a *Masterly Pen*, would make your Modesty suffer. Therefore I shall conclude, with begging your *Lordship's* Leave to subscribe myself, with all imaginable Respect and Sincerity,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

and most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

SUSANNAH CENT-LIVRE.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

IN all the Faces that to Plays resort,
Whether of Country, City, Mob, or Court,
I've always found, that none such Hopes inspire,
As you — dear Brethren of the Upper Tire.
Poets, in Prologues, may both preach and rail,
Yet all their Wisdom nothing will avail;
Who writes not up to you, 'tis Ten to One will fail.
Your thundering Plaud it is that deals out Fame;
You make Plays run, tho' of themselves but Lame:
How often have we known your Noise commanding,
Impose on your inferiour Masters Understanding;
Therefore, dear Brethren, (since I am one of you)
Whether adorn'd in Grey, Green, Brown, or Blue,
This Day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now to let —

The poor Pit see how Pinky's Voice commands,
Silence — Now rattle all your Sticks, and clap your grimy
Hands.

I greet your Love — and let the vaineſt Author ſwear,
Half this Command on cleaner Hands beſear,
Nay, more to prove your Intereſt, let this Play live by you.
So may you ſhare good Claret with your Maſters,
Still free in your Amour's from their Diſaſters;
Free from poor Houſe-keeping; where Peck is under Locks,
Free from cold Kitchens, and no Chriſtmas-Box:
So may no long Debates i' th' Houſe of Commons,
Make you in the Lobby ſtarve, when Hunger ſummons;
But may your plenteous Vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky Hit, and make you Gentlemen;
And thus prefer'd, ne'er fear the World's Reproaches,
But ſhake your Elbows with my Lord, and keep your Coaches.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. ESTHCOURT.

THIS goodly Fabrick, to a gazing Tar,
Seems Fore and Aft, a Three Deck Man of War:
Aft, the Hold's the Pit, from thence look up;
Aloft! that's Swabber's Nest, that's the Main-Top.
Side Boxes mann'd with Beau, and modish Rake,
Are like the Fore-Castle and Quarter Deck.
Those dark-disguised, advent'rous, black-nos'd few,
May pass for Gunners, or a Fire-Ship's Crew.
Some come like Privateers a Prize to seize,
And catch the French within the Narrow Seas:
The Orange Ladies, Virgins of Renown,
Are Powder-Monkeys running up and down.
We've here our Calms, our Storms, and prosp'rous Gales,
And shift our Scenes as Seamen shift their Sails.
The Ship's well mann'd, and not ill woman'd neither,
So ballasted and stow'd, my Lady, she'll bear the Weather:
But greater Dangers vent'ring Players alarm;
This Night's Engagement's worse than any Storm.
The Poet's Captain, but half dead with Fright,
She leaves her Officers to maintain the Fight;
Tond middle Teer with Eighteen Pounders maul us,
That Upper-Deck with Great and Small Shot gaul us:
But from this Lower-Teer most Harm befalls,
There's no opposing their prevailing Balls.
At either Foe or Friend their Chain Shot flies,
We sink or swim, we conquer, fall or rise.
To fit and rig our Ships much Pains we take;
Grant we may now a Saving-Voyage make.
Here we're embark'd, and as you smile or frown,
You are our Stars, by you we live or drown.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Mr. Mills, — Lord Wor-* *In Love with Lady Revel-*
thy, *ler, a Hater of Gaming.*
Mr. Wilks, — Sir James *An airy Gentleman, given*
Courtly, *to Gaming.*
Mr. Bickerstaff, — Lovely, *In Love with Valeria.*
an Ensign,
Mr. Bullock — Sir Rich- *Formerly a Citizen, but now*
ard Plainman, *lives in Covent-Gar-*
den, a great Lover of a
Soldier, and an inveterate
Enemy to the French.
Mr. Esthcourt, — Captain *A Sea Officer, design'd by*
Hearty, *Sir Richard to marry*
Valeria.
Mr. Johnson, — Sago, *A Drugster in the City,*
very fond of his Wife.
Mr. Penkethman — Buckle, *Footman to Lord Worthy.*

W O M E N.

- Mrs. Oldfield, — Lady Re-* *A Coquetish Widow, that*
veller, *keeps a Basset-Table.*
Mrs. Rogers, — Lady Lu- *Her Cousin, a Religious So-*
cy, *ber Lady.*
Mrs. Montford, — Vale- *Aphilesophical Girl, Daugh-*
ria, *ter to Sir Richard, in*
Love with Lovely.
Mrs. Cross, — Mrs. Sago, *The Drugster's Wife, a*
gaming profuse Woman,
great with my Lady Re-
veller, in Love with Sir
James.
Mrs. Lucas, — Alpieu, *Woman to Lady Reveller.*

Ladies, Gentlemen, for the Basset-Table.

Chairmen, Footmen, &c.

Scene, Lady Reveller's Lodgings in Covent-Gar-
den; the Time, Four of the Clock in the Morning.

T H E

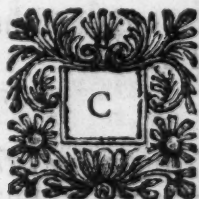


T H E
BASSET-TABLE.

A C T I.

A large Hall, a Porter with a Staff, several Chairs waiting, and Footmen asleep, with Torches and Flambeaux standing about the Room.

Footman.



CERTAINLY they'll play all Night, this is a cursed Life.

Port. How long have you liv'd with your Lady?

Foot. A Month; too long by Thirty Days, if this be her Way of Living; I shall be dead before the Year's out: she games all Night, and sleeps all Day.

Port. Then you sleep too, what's Matter?

Foot. I deny that; for while she sleeps, I'm employ'd in Howd'y'e's, from one End of the Town to the other.

Port. But you Rest, while she's Gaming; What would you do, if you led my Life? This is my Lady's constant Practice.

Foot.

Foot. Your Lady keeps a *Basset Table*, much good may do you with your Service—Hark, they are broke up. (*within*) Ha, hy, my Lady *Gamewell's* Chair ready there—Mr. *Sonica's* Servant.

The Footmen wake in a hurry.

1st *Foot.* Where the Devil is my Flambeaux?

2d *Foot.* So-hey—*Robin*, get the Chair ready, my Lady's coming; stay, stay, let me light my Flambeaux.

3d *Foot.* (*yawning*) Hey, ho, what han't they done play yet?

Port. They are now coming down, but your Lady is gone half an Hour ago.

3d *Foot.* The Devil she is! Why did not you call me?

Port. I did not see you.

3d *Foot.* Was you blind—She has lost her Money, that's certain—She never flinches upon a Winning-Hand—Her Plate and Jewels walk To-Morrow to replenish her Pocket—a Pox of Gaming, I say. *Exit.*

(*Within.*) Mr. *Looseall's* Man—

4th *Foot.* Here—So-ho, who has stole my Flambeaux?

(*Within.*) My Lady *Umbray's* Coach there—

5th *Foot.* Hey! *Will*, pull up there.

Exeunt omnes,

[*Enter Lady Reveller and Alpiew, her Woman.*]

Lady. My Lady *Raffle* is horridly out of Humour at her ill Fortune, she lost 300 l.

Alp. She has generally ill Luck, yet her Inclination for Play is as strong as ever.—Did your Ladyship win or lose, Madam?

Lady. I won about 50 Pieces—*Prithee*, what shall we do, *Alpiew*? 'Tis a fine Morning, 'tis pity to go to Bed.

Alp. What does your Ladyship think of a Walk in the Park?—The Park is pleasant in a Morning, the Air is so very sweet.

Lady.

Lady. I don't think so; the Sweetmeats of the Park is at Eleven, when the *Beau Monde* makes their Tour there; 'tis an unpolish'd Curiosity to walk when only Birds can see one.

Alp. Bless me, Madam! Your Uncle—Now for a Sermon of two Hours.

[*Enter Sir Richard Plainman, in a Night Gown, as from Bed.*]

Sir Rich. So, Niece! I find you're resolv'd to keep on your Course of Life; I must be wak'd at Four, with Coach, Coach, Chair, Chair; give over, for Shame, and marry, marry, Niece.

Lady. Now would I forfeit the Heart of my next Admirer, to know the Cause of this Reprcach. [*Aside.* Pray, Uncle, explain your self; for I protest I can't guess what Crime I have unhappily committed to merit this Advice.

Sir Rich. How can you look me in the Face, and ask me that Question? Can you that keep a *Bassett-Table*, a publick Gaming-House, be insensible of the Shame on't? I have often told you how much the vast Concourse of People, which Day and Night make my House their Rendezvous, incommode my Health; your Apartment is a Parade for Men of all Ranks, from the Duke to the Fiddler; and your Vanity thinks they all pay Devoir to your Beauty—but you mistake; every one has his several Ends in meeting here, from the Lord to the Sharper, and each their separate Interest to pursue—Some Fools there may be, for there's seldom a Crowd without.

Lady. Malice—some Fools? I can't hear it.

Alp. Nay, 'tis very affronting, truly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, is it not *Alpiew*?—Yet, now I think on't, 'tis the Defect of Age to rail at the Pleasures of Youth, therefore I shall not disorder my Face with a Frown about it. Ha, ha, I hope, Uncle, you'll take peculiar Care of my Cousin *Valeria*, in disposing of her according to the Breeding you have given her.

Sir

Sir Rich. The Breeding I have given her! I would not have her have your Breeding, Mistress, for all the Wealth of *England's Bank*; no, I bred my Girl in the Country, a Stranger to the Vices of this Town, and am resolv'd to marry her to a Man of Honour, Probity, and Courage.

Lady. What, the Sea Captain, Uncle? Faugh, I hate the Smell of Pitch and Tar; one that can entertain one with nothing but Fire and Smoke, Larboard and Starboard, and t'other Bowl of Punch; ha, ha, ha.

Alp. And for every Fault that she commits, he'll condemn her to the Bilboes; 'ha, ha.

Lady. I fancy my Cousin's Philosophy, and the Captain's courageous Bluster, will make Angelick Harmony.

Sir Rich. Yes, Madam; sweeter Harmony than your *Sept & Leva* Fops, Rakes, and Gamesters; give me the Man that serves my Country, that preserves both my Estate and Life—Oh, the glorious Name of Soldier; if I were young, I'd go my self in Person, but as it is——

Alp. You'll send your Daughter ——

Sir Rich. Yes, Minx, and a good Dowry with her, as a Reward for Virtue, like the Captain's.

Alp. But suppose, Sir, Mrs. *Valeria* should not like him?

Sir Rich. I'll suppose no such Thing, Mistress, she shall like him.

Lady. Why, there 'tis now; indeed, Uncle, you're too positive.

Sir Rich. And you too impertinent: Therefore I resolve you shall quit my House; you shan't keep your Revels under the Roof where I am.

Alp. I'd have you to know, Sir, my Lady keeps no Revels beneath her Quality.

Sir Rich. Hold your Tongue, Mrs. *Pert*, or I shall display your Quality in its proper Colours.

Alp. I don't care, say your worst of me, and spare not; but for my Lady——my Lady's a Widow,

dow, and Widows are accountable to none for their Actions—Well, I shall have a Husband one of these Days, and be a Widow too, I hope.

Sir Rich. Not unlikely, for the Man will hang himself the next Day, I warrant him.

Alp. And if any Uncle pretends to controul my Actions—

Sir Rich. He'd lose his Labour, I'm certain—

Alp. I'd treat him—

Sir Rich. Don't provoke me, Housewife, don't.

Lady. Be gone, and wait in the next Room.

Exit Alpieu.

Sir Rich. The Insolence of a Servant is a great Honour to the Lady, no doubt; but I shall find a Way to humble you both.

Lady. Lookye, Uncle, do what you can, I'm resolv'd to follow my own Inclinations.

Sir Rich. Which infallibly carry you to Noise, Nonsense, Foppery and Ruin; but no matter, you shall out of my Doors, I'll promise you; my House shall no longer bear the scandalous Name of a *Basset-Table*: Husbands shall no more have cause to date their Ruin from my Door, nor cry, There, there my Wife gam'd my Estate away—Nor Children curse my Posterity, for their Parents knowing my House.

Lady. No more Threatning, good Uncle; act as you please, but don't scold, or I shall be oblig'd to call *Alpieu* again.

Sir Rich. Very well, very well, see what will come on't; the World will censure those that game, and, in my Conscience, I believe not without Cause.

For the whose Shame no good Advice can wake,
When Money's wanting, will her Virrue stake.

Exit.

Lady. Advice! Ha, ha, ridiculous Advice. (*Enter Lady Lucy*) No sooner rid of one Mischief, but another follows—(*Aside.*) I foresee this to be a Day of Mortification. *Alpieu.*

[*Enter Alpieu.*]

Alp. Madam.

Lady.

Lady. My Uncle's gone, you may come in, ha ha, ha.

L. Lucy. Fye, Cousin, does it become you to laugh at those that give you Counsel for your Good?

Lady. For my Good! Oh, *mon cœur!* Now cannot I divine what 'tis that I do more than the rest of the World to deserve this Blame.

Alp. Nor I, for the Soul of me.

L. Lucy. Shou'd all the rest of the World follow your Ladyship's Example, the Order of Nature would be inverted, and every Good design'd by Heaven, become a Curse; Health and Plenty no longer would be known among us. — You cross the Purpose of the Day and Night; you wake when you should sleep, and make all who have any Dependance on you wake, while you repose.

Lady. Bless me! may not any Person sleep when they please?

L. Lucy. No; there are certain Hours that good Manners, Modesty, and Health, require your Care; for Example; disorderly Hours are neither healthful nor modest — And 'tis not civil to make Company wait Dinner for your Dressing.

Lady. Why, does any Body dine before Four a Clock in *London*? For my Part, I think it an ill-bred Custom to make my Appetite Pendulum to the Twelfth Hour.

Alp. Besides, 'tis out of Fashion to dine by Daylight; and so I told Sir *Richard* Yesterday, Madam.

L. Lucy. No doubt but you did, Mrs. *Alpien*; and then you entertain such a Train of People, Cousin, that my Lady *Reveller* is as noted as a publick Ordinary, where every Fool with Money finds a Welcome.

Lady. Would you have me shut my Doors against my Friends? — Now she is jealous of Sir *James Courtly*. (*Aside.*) Besides, is it possible to pass the Evenings without Diversions?

Alp. No, certainly —

L. Lucy.

L. Lucy. I think the Playhouse the much more innocent and commendable Diversion.

Lady. To be seen there every Night, in my Opinion, is more destructive to the Reputation.

L. Lucy. Well; I had rather be noted every Night in the Front-Box, than, by my Absence, once be suspected of Gaming; one ruins my Estate and Character, the other diverts my Temper, and improves my Mind. Then you have such a Number of Lovers.

Lady. Oh, *Cupid!* is it a Crime to have a Number of Lovers? If it be, 'tis the pleasantest Crime in the World. A Crime that falls not every Day to every Woman's Lot.

L. Lucy. I dare be positive every Woman does not wish it.

Lady. Because Wishes have no Effect, Cousin, ha, ha.

L. Lucy. Methinks, my Lord *Worthy's* Affiduity might have banish'd the admiring Crowd by this Time.

Lady. Banish'd 'em! Oh, *mon cœur!* what Pleasure is there in one Lover? 'tis like being seen always in one Suit of Cloaths; a Woman, with one Admirer, will ne'er be a reigning Toast.

L. Lucy. I am sure, those that encourage more, will never have the Character of a reigning Vertue.

Lady. I flight the malicious Censure of the Town, yet defy it to asperse my Vertue; Nature has given me a Face, a Shape, a Mein, an Air for Dress, and Wit and Humour to subdue: And shall I lose my Conquest for a Name?

Alp. Nay, and among the unfashionable Sort of People too, Madam; for Persons of Breeding and Quality will allow, that Gallantry and Vertue are not inseparable.

L. Lucy. But Coquetry and Reputation are; and there is no Difference in the Eye of the World, between having really committed the Fault, and lying under the Scandal; for my own Part, I would
take

take as much Care to preserve my Fame, as you would your Vertue.

Lady. A little Pains will serve you for that, Cousin ; for I never once heard you nam'd — A Mortification would break my Heart, ha, ha.

L. Lucy. 'Tis better never to be nam'd, than to be ill spoken of ; but your Reflections shall not disorder my Temper. I could wish, indeed, to convince you of your Error, because you share my Blood ; but since I see the Vanity of the Attempt, I shall desist.

Lady. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Alp. Oh ! Madam, here's my Lord *Worthy*, Sir *James Courtly*, and Ensign *Lovely*, coming down ; will your Ladyship see them ?

Lady. Now have I a strong Inclination to engage Sir *James*, to discompose her Gravity ; for if I have any Skill in Glances, she loves him. But then my Lord *Worthy* is so peevish since our late Quarrel, that I'm afraid to engage the Knight in a Duel ; besides, my Absence, I know, will teize him more ; therefore upon Consideration, I'll retire. Cousin *Lucy*, good Morrow. I'll leave you to better Company, there's a Person at hand may prevent your Six a-Clock Prayers. *(Exit.)*

L. Lucy. Ha ! Sir *James Courtly* — I must own I think him agreeable ; but am sorry she believes I do. I'll not be seen ; for if what I scarce know myself, be grown so visible to her, perhaps he too may discover it, and then I am lost.

While in the Breast our Secrets close remain,
'Tis out of Fortune's Power to give us Pain. *(Exit.)*

[Enter Lord Worthy, Sir James, Ensign Lovely.]

Sir Jam. Ha ! was not that Lady *Lucy* ?

Ensign. It was — Ah, Sir *James*, I find your Heart is out of Order about that Lady, and my Lord *Worthy* languishes for Lady *Reveller*.

Sir Jam. And thou art sick for *Valeria*, Sir *Richard's* Daughter. A poor distressed Company of us.

Ensign. 'Tis true that little She-Philosopher has made

made me do Penance more heartily than ever my Sins did ; I deserve her by mere Dint of Patience. I have stood whole Hours to hear her assert, that Fire cannot burn, nor Water drown, nor Pain afflict, and Forty ridiculous Systems —

Sir *Jam.* And all her Experiments on Frogs, Fish, and Flies, ha, ha, without the least Contradiction.

Ensign. Contradiction, no, no, I allow'd all she said, with undoubtedly, Madam, — I am of your Mind, Madam, it must be so — natural Causes, &c.

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, ha, I think it is a supernatural Cause, which enables thee to go thro' this Fatigue ; if it were not to raise thy Fortune, I should think thee mad to pursue her ; but go on and prosper, nothing in my Power shall be wanting to assist you — My Lord *Worthy*, your Lordship is as melancholy as a losing Gamester.

Lord. Faith, Gentlemen, I'm out of Humour, but I don't know at what.

Sir *Jam.* Why then I can tell you ; for the very same Reason that made your Lordship stay here to be Spectator of the very Diversion you hate (Gaming) the same Cause makes you uneasy in all Company, my Lady *Reveller*.

Lord. Thou hast hit it, Sir *James*, I confess I love her Person, but hate her Humours, and her Way of Living ; I have some Reasons to believe I'm not indifferent to her, yet I despair of fixing her, her Vanity has got so much the Mistress of her Resolution ; and yet her Passion for Gain surmounts her Pride, and lays her Reputation open to the World. Every Fool that has ready Money shall dare to boast himself her very humble Servant ; 'sDeath, when I could cut the Rascal's Throat.

Sir *Jam.* Your Lordship is even with her one Way ; for you are as testy as she's vain, and as fond of an Opportunity to quarrel with her, as she of a gaming Acquaintance ; my Opinion is, my Lord, she'll ne'er be won your Way.

To

To gain all Women there's a certain Rule:
 If Wit should fail to please, then act the Fool;
 And where you find Simplicity not take,
 Throw off Disguises, and profess the Rake;
 Observe which Way their strongest Humours run,
 They're by their own lov'd Cant the surest Way
 undone.

Lord. Thou'rt of a happy Temper, Sir *James*, I wish I could be so too; but since I can't add to your Diversion, I'll take my Leave; good Morrow, Gentlemen. *(Exit.*

Sir Jam. This it is to have more Love than Reason about one; you and I, *Lovely*, will go on with Discretion, and yet I fear it's in Lady *Lucy's* Power to banish it.

Ensign. I find Mrs. *Sago*, the Drugster's Wife's Interest, begins to shake, Sir *James*.

Sir Jam. And I fear her Love for Play begins to shake her Husband's Bags too. Faith I am weary of that Intrigue, lest I should be suspected to have a Hand in his Ruin.

Ensign. She did not lose much To night, I believe. Prithee, Sir *James*, what kind of a temper'd Woman is she? Has she Wit?

Sir Jam. That she has — A large Portion, and as much Cunning, or she could never have managed the old Fellow so nicely; she has a vast Passion for my Lady *Reveller*, and endeavours to mimic her in every Thing. Not a Suite of Clothes, or a Top-knot, that is not exactly the same with her's. Then her Plots and Contrivances to supply these Expences, put her continually upon the Rack; yet to give her her Due, she has a fertile Brain that Way; but come, shall we go Home and sleep two or three Hours; at Dinner I'll introduce you to Capt. *Hearzy*, the Sea Officer, your Rival that is to be, he's just come to Town.

Ensign. A powerful Rival, I fear, for Sir *Richard* resolves to marry him to his Daughter; all my Hopes lie in her Arguments, and you know Philosophers
 are

The Basset-Table.

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are very positive. And if this Captain does but happen to contradict one whimsical Notion, the Poles will as soon join, as they couple, and rather then yield, she would go to the *Indies* in search of *Dampier's Ants*.

Sir Jam. Nay, she is no Woman if she obeys.
Women, like Tides, with Passions ebb and flow,
And like them too, their Source no Man can know.
To watch their Motions, is the safest Guide;
Who hits their Humour, fails with Wind and Tide. (*Exit.*)

A C T. II.

[*Enter Buckle, meeting Mrs. Alpiev.*]

Alp. **G**OOD Morrow.
Buckle. Good Morrow.

Alp. Good Morrow, good Morrow, is that all your Business here? What means that affected Look, as if you long'd to be examin'd what's the Matter?

Buc. The Capricio's of Love, *Madamoseille*; the Capricio's of Love.

Alp. Why! are you in Love?

Buc. I—in Love! No, the Devil take me if ever I shall be infected with that Madness! 'tis enough for one in a Family to fall under the whimsical Circumstances of that Distemper. My Lord has a sufficient Portion for both; here—here—here's a Letter for your Lady; I believe the Contents are not so full of Stars, and Darts, and Flames, as they us'd to be.

Alp. My Lady will not concern herself with your Lord, nor his Letters neither, I can assure you that.

Buc. So much the better; I'll tell him what you say—Have you no more?

Alp.

Alp. Tell him it is not my Fault; I have done as much for his Service as lay in my Power, till I put her in so great a Passion, that 'tis impossible to appease her.

Buc. Very good — my Lord is upon the Square, I promise ye, as much intraged as her Ladyship to the full. Well, Mrs. *Alpiew*, to the longest Day of his Life, he swears never to forget Yesterday's Adventure, that has given him perfect, perfect Liberty.

Alp. I believe so — What was it, pray?

Buc. I'll tell you; 'twas a Matter of Consequence I assure you, I've known Lovers part for a less Trifle by half.

Alp. No Digressions, but to the Point, what was it?

Buc. This — my Lord, was at the Fair with your Lady.

Alp. What of that?

Buc. In a Ruffling-Shop she saw a young Gentleman, which she said was very handsome — At the same Time, my Lord praised a young Lady; she redoubles her Commendations of the Beau — He enlarges on the Beauty of the Belle; their Discourse grew warm on the Subject; they pause; she begins again with the Perfections of the Gentleman; he ends with the same of the Lady: Thus they pursued their Arguments, still finding such mighty Charms in their new Favourites, till they found one another so ugly — so ugly — that they parted with full Resolution never to meet again.

Alp. Ha, ha, ha, pleasant; well, if you have no more to tell me, adieu.

Buc. Stay a Moment, I see my Lord coming, I thought he'd follow me. Oh! Lovers Resolutions.

[Enter Lord Worthy.]

Lord. So, have you seen my Lady Reveller? [To Buckle.]

Alp. My Lord —

Lord.

Lord. Ha! Mrs. *Alpiew*. [*Gives him his own Letter*]

Buc. Here's your Lordship's Letter.

Lord. An Answer! She has done me very much Honour.

Alp. My Lord, I am commanded —

Lord. Hold a little, dear Mrs. *Alpiew*. [*All this while he is opening the Letter, thinking it from the Lady.*]

Buc. My Lord, she would not —

Lord. Be quiet, I say —

Alp. I am very sorry —

Lord. But a Moment — Ha! Why, this is my own Letter.

Buc. Yes, my Lord.

Lord. Yes, my Lord — What, she'd not receive it then?

Buc. No, my Lord.

Lord. How durst you stay so long.

Alp. I beg your Lordship not to harbour an ill Opinion of me; I opposed her Anger with my utmost Skill, prais'd all your Actions, all your Parts, but all in vain.

Lord. Enough, enough, Madam; she has taken the best Method in the World — Well, then we are ne'er to meet again.

Alp. I know not that, my Lord —

Lord. I rejoice at it, by my Life I do; she has only prevented me; I came a purpose to break with her —

Buc. [*aside*] Yes, so 'twas a Sign, by the Pleasure you discover'd in thinking she had writ to you.

Lord. I suppose she has entertain'd you with the Cause of this.

Alp. No, my Lord, never mention'd a Syllable, only said, she had for ever done with you; and charg'd me, as I valu'd her Favour, to receive no Message nor Letter from you.

Lord. May I become the very't Wretch alive, and all the Ills imaginable fall upon my Head, if I speak to her more; nay, ever think of her but with Scorn — Where is she now?

[*Walks about*]

Alp.

Alp. In her Dressing-Room.

Lord. There let her be ; I am weary of her fantastick Humours, affected Airs, and unaccountable Passions.

Buc. For half an Hour.

[*Aside.*

Lord. Do you know what she's doing ?

Alp. I believe, my Lord, trying on a Mantua ; I left her with Mrs. *Pleat well*, and that us'd to hold her a great while, for the Woman is saucily familiar with all the Quality, and tells her all the Scandal.

Lord. And conveys Letters upon Occasion ; 'tis tack'd to their Profession—But, my Lady *Reveller* may do what she pleases, I am no more her Slave, upon my Word ; I have broke my Chain—She has not been out then since she rose ?

Alp. No, my Lord.

Lord. Nay, if she has, or has not, 'tis the same Thing to me ; she may go to the End of the World, if she will ; I shan't take any Pains to follow her—Whose Footman was that I met ?

Alp. I know not, my Lord, we have so many come with How-d'y'e's, I ne'er mind them.

Lord. You are uneasy, Child ; come, I'll not detain you, I have no Curiosity, I protest I'm satisfied if she's so ; I assure ye, let her despise me, let her hate me, 'tis all one ; adieu.

[*Going.*

Alp. My Lord, your Servant.

Lord. Mrs. *Alpiew*, let me beg one Favour of you (*turns back*) not to say I was here.

Alp. I'll do just as you please, my Lord.

Lord. Do that then, and you'll oblige me.

[*Is going, and comes back often.*

Alp. I will.

Lord. Don't forget.

Alp. Your Lordship may depend upon me.

Lord. Hold ! now I think on't—Pray tell her you did see me, do you hear ?

Alp. With all my Heart.

Lord

Lord. Tell her how indifferent she is to me in every respect.

Alp. I shan't fail.

Lord. Tell her every Thing just as I express it to you.

Alp. I will.

Lord. Adieu.

[Going.]

Alp. Your Servant.

Lord. Now I think on't, Mrs. *Alpiew*, I have a great Mind she should know my Sentiments from my own Mouth.

Alp. Nay, my Lord, I can't promise you that.

Lord. Why?

Alp. Because she has expressly forbid your Admittance.

Lord. I'd speak but one Word with her.

Alp. Impossible.

Lord. Pugh, prithee let me see her. [Intreating.]

Buc. So, now all this mighty Rage ends in a begging Submission.

Lord. Only tell her I'm here.

Alp. Why should you desire me to meet her Anger, my Lord.

Lord. Come, you shall oblige me once.

[Puts a Ring upon her Finger.]

Alp. O dear, my Lord, you have such a Command over your Servant, I can refuse nothing. [Exit.]

Lord. Have you been at the Goldsmith's about the Bills, for I am fix'd on Travelling.

Buc. Your Lordship's so disturb'd, you have forgot you countermanded me, and sent me hither.

Lord. True. [Enter Mrs. *Alpiew*.]

Alp. Just as I told your Lordship, she fell in a most violent Passion at the bare mention of your Name: Tell him, said she, in a heroick Strain, I'll never see him more, and command him to quit that Room, for I'm coming thither.

Lord. Tyrant, curse on my Folly, she knows her Power; well, I hope I may walk in the Gallery; I would speak with her Uncle.

B

Alp.

Alp. To be sure my Lord. [*Exit Lord Worthy.*]

Buc. Learn, Mistress, learn, you may come to make me mad in Time, ha, ha, ha.

Alp. Go, Fool, follow your Lord. [*Exit Buckle.*]
[*Enter Lady Reveller.*]

Lady. Well, I'll swear, *Alpieu*, you have given me the Vapours for all Day.

Alp. Ah! Madam, if you had seen him, you must have had Compassion; I would not have such a Heart of Adamant for the World; poor Lord, sure you have the strangest Power over him.

Lady. Silly — one often fancies one has Power, when one has none at all; I'll tell thee, *Alpieu*, he vex'd me strangely before this grand Quarrel; I was at *Picquet* with my Lady *Love-wit* four Nights ago, and bid him read me a new Copy of Verses, because, you know, he never plays, and I did not well know what to do with him; he had scarce begun, when I, being eager at a Pique, he rose up, and said, he believ'd I lov'd the Musick of my own Voice, crying Nine-and-twenty, Threescore, better than the sweetest Poetry in the Universe, and abruptly left us.

Alp. A great Crime, indeed, not to read; when People are at a Game they are oblig'd to talk all the while.

Lady. Crime; yes, indeed was it, for my Lady loves Poetry better than Play, and perhaps before the Poem had been done, had lost her Money to me. But I wonder, *Alpieu*, by what Art 'tis you engage me in this Discourse, why should I talk of a Man that's utterly my Aversion — Have you heard from Mrs. *Sago* this Morning?

Alp. Certainly, Madam, she never fails; she has sent your Ladyship the finest Cargo, made up of Chocolate, Tea, *Montifiasco* Wine, and Fifty Rarities beside, with something to remember me, good Creature, that she never forgets. Well, indeed, Madam, she is the best-natur'd Woman in the World; it grieves me to think what Sums she loses at Play.

Lady. Oh, fye, she must; a Citizen's Wife is
not

not to be endur'd amongst Quality; had she not Money, 'twere impossible to receive her——

Alp. Nay, indeed, I must say that of you Women of Quality, if there is but Money enough, you stand not upon Birth or Reputation, in either Sex; if you did, so many Sharpers of *Covent-Garden*, and Mistresses of *St. James's*, would not be daily admitted.

Lady. Peace, Impertinence, you take strange Freedoms.

[*Enter Valeria running.*

Why in such haste, Cousin *Valeria*? [*Stopping her.*

Val. Oh! dear Cousin, don't stop me, I shall lose the finest Insect for Dissection, a huge Flesh Fly, which Mr. *Lovely* sent me just now, and opening the Box to try the Experiment, away it flew.

Lady. I am glad the poor Fly escap'd; will you never be weary of these Whimsies?

Val. Whimsies! natural Philosophy a Whimsy! Oh! the unlearned World.

Lady. Ridiculous Learning!

Alp. Ridiculous, indeed, for Women; Philosophy suits our Sex, as Jack-Boots would do.

Val. Custom would bring them as much in Fashion as Furbeloes, and Practice would make us as valiant as e'er a Hero of them all; the Resolution is in the Mind—Nothing can enslave that.

Lady. My Stars! this Girl will be mad, that's certain.

Val. Mad! so *Nero* banish'd Philosophers from *Rome*, and the first Discoverer of the *Antipodes* was condemn'd for a Heretick.

Lady. In my Conscience, *Alpiew*, this pretty Creature's spoil'd. Well, Cousin, might I advise, you should bestow your Fortune in Founding a College for the Study of Philosophy, where none but Women should be admitted; and to immortalize your Name, they should be called *Valerians*, ha, ha, ha.

Val. What you make a Jest of, I'd execute, were Fortune in my Power.

Alp. All Men would not be excluded; the handsome Ensign, Madam.

Lady. In Love! Nay, there's no Philosophy against Love; *Solon* for that.

Val. 'Pshaw, no more of this trifling Subject; Cousin, will you believe there's any Thing without Gall.

Lady. I am satisfy'd I have one, when I lose at play, or see a Lady address'd when I am by; and 'tis equal to me, whether the rest of the Creation have or not.

Val. Well, but I'll convince you then; I have dissected my Dove—and positively I think the vulgar Notion true, for I could find none.

Lady. Oh, barbarous! kill'd your pretty Dove.
[Starting.]

Val. Kill'd it! Why, what did you imagine I bred it up for? Can Animals, Insects, or Reptils, be put to a nobler Use, than to improve our Knowledge? Cousin, I'll give you this Jewel for your *Italian* Greyhound.

Lady. What, to cut to Pieces? Oh, horrid! he had need be a Soldier that ventures on you; for my part, I should dream of nothing but Incision, Dissection, and Amputation, and always fancy the Knife at my Throat.

Enter Servant. Madam, here's Sir Richard, and a—

Val. A—What, is it an Accident, a Substance, a Material Being, or a Being of Reason?

Serv. I don't know what you call a Material Being; it is a Man.

Val. 'Pshaw; a Man, that's nothing.

Lady. She'll prove by and by, out of *Descartes*, that we are all Machines.

[Enter Sir Richard, and Captain Firebrand.]

Alp. Oh, Madam, do you see who observes you? My Lord walking in the Gallery, and every Minute gives a Peep.

Lady. Does he so! I'll fit him for Eves-dropping—

Sir *Rich.* Sir, I like the Relation you have given me of your Naval Expedition; your Discourse speaks you a Man fit for the Sea.

Capt. You had it without a Flourish, Sir *Richard*; my Word is this, I hate the *French*, love a handsome Woman, and a Bowl of Punch.

Val. Very blunt.

Sir *Rich.* This is my Daughter, Captain, a Girl of sober Education; she understands nothing of Gaming, Parks, and Plays.

Mrs. *Alp.* But wanting these Diversions, she has supply'd the Vacancy with greater Follies. [*Aside.*

Capt. A rite little Frigate [*Salutes her*] 'Faith, I think she looks like a fresh Man, Sea-sick—But here's a Gallant Vessel—with all her Streamers out, Top and Top-Gallant—with your Leave, Madam, [*Salutes her*] Who is that Lady, Sir *Richard*?

Sir *Rich.* 'Tis a Niece of mine, Captain—tho' I am sorry she is so; she values nothing that does not spend their Days at their Glass, and their Nights at *Basset*; such who ne'er did good to their Prince, nor Country, except their Taylor, Puke-maker, and Perfumer.

Lady. Fye, fye, Sir, believe him not, I have a Passion, an extreme Passion for a Hero—especially if he belongs to the Sea; methinks he has an Air so Fierce, so Piercing, his very Looks commands Respect from his own Sex, and all the Hearts of ours.

Sir *Rich.* The Devil—Now, rather than let another Female have a Man to herself, she'll make the first Advances. [*Aside.*

Capt. Ay, Madam, we are preferr'd by you fine Ladies, sometimes before the sprucer Sparks—there's a Conveniency in't; a fair Wind, and we hale out, and leave you Liberty and Money, two Things the most acceptable to a Wife in Nature.

Lady. Oh! ay, it so pretty to have one's Husband gone Nine Months of the Twelve; and then to bring one home fine China, fine Lace, fine Muslin, and fine *Indian* Birds, and a thousand Curiosities.

Sir Rich. No, no; Nine is a little too long, Six would do better for one of your Constitution, Mistress.

Capt. Well, Madam, what think you of a cruising Voyage towards the Cape of Matrimony, your Father designs me for the Pilot; if you agree to it, we'll hoist Sail immediately.

Val. I agree to any Thing dictated by good Sense, and comprehended within the Borders of Elocution; the Converse I hold with your Sex, is only to improve and cultivate the Notions of my Mind.

Sir Rich. What the Devil is she going upon now? (*Aside.*)

Val. I presume you're a Mariner, Sir—

Capt. I have the Honour to bear the Queen's Commission, Madam.

Val. Pray speak properly, positively, laconically, and naturally.

Lady. So; she has given him a Broadside already.

Capt. Laconically! Why, why, what is your Daughter, Sir Richard? ha.

Sir Rich. May I be reduc'd to wooden Shoes, if I can tell you, the Devil: had I liv'd near a College, the Haunts of some Pedant might have brought this Curse upon me; but to have got my Estate in the City, and to have a Daughter run mad after Philosophy, I'll ne'er suffer it in the Rage I am in; I'll throw all the Books and Mathematical Instruments out of the Window.

Lady. I dare say, Uncle, you have shook Hands with Philosophy—for I'm sure you have banish'd Patience, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Rich. And you Discretion—By all my Hatred for the French, they'll drive me mad: Captain, I'll expect you in the next Room; and you, Mrs. Laconick, with your Philosophy at your Tail. (*Exit.*)

Lady. Shan't I come too, Uncle, ha, ha.

Capt. By Neptune, this is a kind of a whimsical Family. Well, Madam, what was you going to say so positively and properly, and so forth?

Val.

Val. I would have ask'd you, Sir, if ever you had the Curiosity to inspect a Mermaid—Or if you are convinc'd there is a World in every Star—We, by our Telescopes, find Seas, Groves and Plains, and all that; but what they are peopled with, there's the Quere.

Capt. Let your next Contrivance be how to get thither, and then you'll know a World in every Star—Ha, ha, she's fitter for *Moorfields* than Matrimony; pray, Madam, are you always infected, Full and Change, with this Distemper?

Val. How has my Reason err'd, to hold Converse with an irrational Being—Dear, dear Philosophy, what immense Pleasures dwell in thee!

[Enter Servant.]

Serv. Madam, *John* has got the Fish you sent him in Search of.

Val. Is it alive?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

Val. Your Servant, your Servant, I wou'd not lose the Experiment for any thing, but the Tour of the new World. (Exit.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, is your Ladyship troubled with these Vagaries too? Is the whole House posses't?

Lady. Not I, Captain, the speculative Faculty is not my Talent; I am for the practic, can listen all Day to hear you talk of Fire, substantial Fire, Rear and Front, and Line of Battle—admire a Seaman, hate the *French*—love a Bowl of Punch: Oh! nothing so agreeable as your Conversation, nothing so jaunty as a Sea Captain.

Alp. So; this engages him to play,—if he has either Manners or Money. (Aside.

Capt. Ay; give me the Woman that can hold me tack in my own Dialect—She's mad too, I suppose, but I'll humour her a little. (Aside.) Oh, Madam, not a fair Wind, nor a rich Prize, nor Conquest o'er my Enemies, can please like you; accept my Heart without Capitulation—'Tis yours, a Prisoner at Discretion.

(Kisses her Hand.

Enter

[Enter Lord Worthy.]

Lord. Hold, Sir, you must there contend with me; the Victory is not so easy as you imagine.

Lady. Oh, fye, my Lord, you won't fight for one you hate and despise? I may trust you with the Captain; ha, ha, ha. (Exit.

Capt. This must be her Lover — and he is mad another Way: This is the most unaccountable Family I ever met with. (Aside.) Look ye, Sir, what you mean by contending, I know not; but I must tell you, I don't think any Woman I have seen since I came ashore, worth Fighting for. The philosophical Gimcrack I don't value of a Cockle Shell. And am too well acquainted with the Danger of Rocks and Quick-sands, to steer into t'other's Harbour.

Lord. He has discover'd her already; I, only I, am blind. (Aside.

Capt. But, Sir, if you have a mind to a Breathing, here, tread upon my Toe, or speak but one Word in Favour of the *French*, or against the Courage of our Fleet, and my Sword will start of its self, to do its Master and my Country Justice.

Lord. How ridiculous do I make my self — Pardon me, Sir, you are in the right. I confess I scarce knew what I did.

Capt. I thought so, poor Gentleman, I pity him; this is the Effect of Love on Shore — When do we hear of a Tar in these Fits, longer than the first fresh Gale — Well, I'll into Sir *Richard*, eat with him, drink with him; but to match into his Generation, I'd as soon marry one of his Daughter's Mermaids. (Exit.

Lord. Was ever Man so stupid as my self? But I will rouse from this lethargick Dream, and seek elsewhere what is deny'd at Home; Absence may restore my Liberty.

[Enter Mr. Sago.]

Sago. Pray, my Lord, did you see my *Keecky*?

Lord. *Keecky*, what's that?

Sago. My Wife, you must know, I call her *Keecky*, ha, ha,

Lord

Lord. Not I, indeed——

Sago. Nay, pray my Lord ben't angry, I only want her to tell her what a Present of fine Wine is sent her just now; and ha, ha, ha, ha, what makes me laugh—is, that no Soul can tell from whence it comes.

Lord. Your Wife knows, no doubt.

Sago. No more than my self, my Lord—We have often Wine and Sweetmeats; nay, whole Pieces of Silk, and the Duce take me if she could devise from whence; nay, sometimes she has been for sending them back again, but I cry'd, whose a Fool then.

Lord. I'm sure thou art one in Perfection, and to me insupportable. (Going.

Sago. My Lord, I know your Lordship has the Privilege of this House, pray do me the Kindness, if you find my Wife, to send her out to me. (Exit Lord.) I ne'er saw so much of this Lord's Humour before; he is very surly, methinks——Adod, there are some Lords of my Wife's Acquaintance, as Civil and Familiar with me, as I am with my Journeyman—Oh! here she comes.

[Enter Mrs. Sago and Alpiew.]

Mrs. Sago. Oh, Puddy, see what my Lady Reveller has presented me withal.

Sago. Hey, Keecky, why sure you Rise—as the Saying is, for at Home there's four Hampers of Wine sent ye.

Mrs. Sago. From whence, dear Puddy?

Sago. Nay, there's the Jest, neither you nor I know. I offer'd the Rogue that brought it a Guinea to tell from whence it came, and he swore he durst not.

Mrs. Sago. No, if he had, I'd never have employ'd him again. (Aside.

Sago. So I gave him half a Crown, and let him go.

Mrs. Sago. It comes very opportunely; pray, Puddy, send a Couple of the Hampers to my Lady Reveller's, as a small Acknowledgment for the rich Present she has made me.

Sago. With all my Heart, my Jewel, my Precious.

Mrs. Sago. Puddy, I am strangely oblig'd to Mrs. *Alpiew*; do, Puddy, do, dear Puddy.

Sago. What?

Mrs. Sago. Will ye, then? Do, dear Puddy, do, lend me a Guinea to give her, do.

[*Hanging upon him in a wheedling Tone.*]

Sago. 'Pshaw, you are always wanting Guineas; I'll lend her half a Pound of Tea, Keecky.

Mrs. Sago. Tea — sha — she drinks Ladies Tea; do, dear Puddy, do; can you deny, Keecky, now?

Sago. Well, well, there. [*Gives it her.*]

Mrs. Sago. Mrs. *Alpiew*, will you please to lay the Silk by for me, till I send for it, and accept of that?

Alp. Your Servant, Madam, I'll be careful of it.

Mrs. Sago. Thank ye, borrow as much you can on't, dear *Alpiew*. [*Aside to her.*]

Alp. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sago. I must raise a Sum for *Basset* against Night.

Mr. Sago. Prithee, Keecky, what kind of humour'd Man is Lord *Worthy*? I did but ask him if he saw thee, and I thought he would snapp'd my Nose off.

Mrs. Sago. Oh, a meer Woman, full of Spleen and Vapours, he and I never agree.

Mr. Sago. Adod, I thought so—I guess'd he was none of thy Admirers—ha, ha, ha; why there's my Lord *Courtall*, and my Lord *Horncit*, bow down to the Ground to me where ever they meet me.

[*Enter Alpiew.*]

Alp. Madam, Madam, the Goldsmith has sent in the Plate.

Mrs. Sago. Very well, take it along with the Silk. [*Aside to her.*]

Alp. Here's the Jeweller, Madam, with the Diamond Ring, but he don't seem willing to leave it without Money. [*Exit Alpiew.*]

Mrs. Sago. Humph! I have a sudden Thought; bid

bid him stay, and bring me the Ring—Now for the Art of Wheedling—

Sago. What are you Whispering about? Ha! Precious—

Mrs. Sago. Mrs. *Alpiew* says, a Friend of her's has a Diamond Ring to sell, a great Pennyworth, and I know you love a Bargain, Puddy.

[*Enter Alpiew, gives her the Ring.*]

Sago. Pshaw, I don't care for Rings; it may be a Bargain, and it may not; and I can't spare Money; I have paid for a Lot this Morning; consider Trade must go forward, Lambkin.

Alp. See how it sparkles.

Mrs. Sago. Nay, Puddy, if it be not worth your Money, I don't desire you to buy it; but don't it become my Finger, Puddy? See now—

Sago. Ah! that Hand, that Hand it was which first got hold of my Heart; well, what's the Price of it; Ha, I am ravish'd to see it upon Keecky's Finger—

Mrs. Sago. What did he say the Price was?

[*To Alpiew.*]

Alp. Two hundred Guineas, Madam.

[*Aside to Mrs. Sago.*]

Mrs. Sago. Threescore Pounds, dear Pudd: The Devil's in't if he won't give that.

[*Aside.*]

Sago. Threescore Pounds! Why 'tis worth a Hundred, Child, richly—'tis stole—'tis stole—

Alp. Stole! I'd have you to know, the Owner is my Relation, and has been as great a Merchant as any in London, but has had the Misfortune to have his Ships fall into the Hands of the French, or he'd not have parted with it at such a Rate; it cost him Two hundred Guineas.

Mrs. Sago. I believe as much; indeed 'tis very fine.

Sago. So it is, Keecky, and that dear little Finger shall have it too; let me bite it a little tiny Bit—

[*Bites her Finger.*]

Mrs. Sago. Oh! dear Pudd, you hurt me.

Sago. Here—I han't so much Money about me, but

but there's a Bill, Lambkin—there now, you'll bufs poor Puddy now, won't you?

Mrs. Sago. Bufs him—yes, that I will, agen and agen, and agen, dear Pudd. [*Flies about his Neck.*]

Sago. You'll go home with Puddy now to Dinner, won't you?

Mrs. Sago. Yes—a—dear Puddy, if you desire it—I will—but—a—

Sago. But what?

Mrs. Sago. But I promis'd my Lady Reveller to dine with her, Deary—Do, let me Pud—I'll dine with you To-morrow-day.

Alp. Nay, I'm fure my Lady won't eat a Bit, if she don't stay.

Sago. Well, they are all so fond of my Wife; my Keecky, shew me thy little Finger agen—O dear little Finger, my Keecky!

Mrs. Sago. My nown Pudd—Here, *Alpieaw*, give him his Ring agen, I have my End; tell him 'tis too dear. [*Aside.*]

Alp. But what will you say when Mr. Sago misses it.

Mrs. Sago. I'll say—that it was too big for my Finger, and I lost it; 'tis but a Crying-bout, and the good Man melts into Pity—

I'th' married State, this only Bliss we find,

An easy Husband to our Wishes kind.

I've gain'd my Point, replenish'd Purse once more,

Oh! cast me, Fortune, on the winning Shore:

Now let me gain what I have lost before. [*Exit.*]

A C T III.

The Scene draws, and discovers Valeria with Books upon a Table, a Microscope, putting a Fish upon it, several Animals lying by.

Val. 'P SHAW! Thou fluttering Thing—So, now I've fix'd it.

[*Enter*]

[Enter Alpieu.]

Alp. Madam, here's Mr. *Lovely*; I have introduced him as one of my Lady's Visitors, and brought him down the Back-Stairs.

Val. I'm oblig'd to you, he comes opportunely.

[Enter *Lovely*.]

O Mr. *Lovely*! come, come here, look through this Glass, and see how the Blood circulates in the Tail of this Fish.

Lov. Wonderful! but it circulates prettier in this fair Neck.

Val. 'Pshaw—be quiet—I'll shew you a Curiosity, the greatest that ever Nature made.—[opens a Box] In opening a Dog the other Day, I found this Worm.

Lov. Prodigious! 'Tis the Joint-Worm, which the Learned talk of so much.

Val. Ay; the *Lumbricus Latus*, or *Fæscia*, as *Hippocrates* calls it, or vulgarly in *English*, the Tape-Worm — *Thudens* tells us of one of these Worms found in a human Body, two hundred Foot long, without Head or Tail.

Lov. I wish they be not got into thy Brain. (*Aside*.) Oh, you charm me with these Discoveries.

Val. Here's another sort of Worm call'd *Lumbricus teres Intestinalis*.

Lov. I think the first you shew'd me the greatest Curiosity.

Val. 'Tis very odd, really, that there should be every Inch a Joint, and every Joint a Mouth — Oh, the profound Secrets of Nature!

Lov. 'Tis strangely surprizing — But now let me be heard, for mine's the Voice of Nature too; methinks you neglect yourself, the most perfect Piece of all her Works.

Val. Why? What Fault do you find in me?

Lov. You have not Love enough; that Fire would consume and banish all Studies but its own; your Eyes would sparkle, and spread I know

know not what, of Lively and Touching, o'er the whole Face; this Hand, when press'd by him you Love, would tremble to your Heart.

Val. Why is it does—Have I not told you twenty Times I love you?—for I hate Disguise; your Temper being adapted to mine, gave my Soul the first Impression;— You know my Father's Positive,—but do not believe he shall force me to any Thing that does not love Philosophy.

Lovely But that Sea Captain, *Valeria*.

Val. If he was a Whale, he might give you Pain, for I should long to dissect him; but as he is a Man, you have no Reason to fear him.

Lovely. Consent then to fly with me.

Val. What, and leave my Microscope, and all my Things, for my Father to break in Pieces?

Sir Rich. *Valeria, Valeria.*

[Within.

Val. O Heav'n's! he is coming up the Back-stairs.
What shall we do?

*Lovely. Humph ; ha, can't you put me in that
Closet there ?*

Val. Oh, no, I han't the Key.

Lovely. I'll run down the great Stairs, let who will see me. *[Going.*

[Going.]

Val. Oh no, no, no, no, not for your Life;—
here, here, here, get under this Tub.

Sir, I'm here. { *Throws out some Fish in Haste,*
 and turns the Tub over him.

[Enter Sir Richard.]

Sir Rich. What, at your Whims—and Whirligigs, ye Baggage ! I'll out at Window with them.

[*Throwing away the Things.*]

Val. Oh! dear Father, save my *Lumbricus Latus*.

Sir *Rich.* I'll Lamprey and Latum you ; what's that I wonder ? Ha ! Where the Devil got you Names that your Father don't understand ? Ha !

[Treads upon them.

Val. Oh, my poor Worm! Now have you destroy'd a Thing, that, for ought I know, *England* can't produce again.

Sir Rich. What is it good for? Answer me that?
What's this Tub here for? Ha! [Kicks it.

Val. What shall I do now!—it is a, 'tis a — Oh dear Sir! don't touch the Tub—for there's a Bear's young Cub that I have bought for Dissection,—but I dare not touch it till the Keeper comes.

Sir Rich. I'll Cub you, and Keeper you, with a Vengeance to you; is my Money laid out in Bears Cubs?—I'll drive out your Cub—

{ Opens the Door, stands at a Distance off, and
{ with his Cane, lifts up the Tub, Lovely rises.

Lovely. Oh the Devil! discover'd; your Servant,
Sir. [Exit.

Sir Rich. Oh! your Servant, Sir—What is this your Bear's Cub? Ha, Mistress! His Taylor has lick'd him into Shape, I find—What did this Man do here? Ha, Housewife?—I doubt you have been studying Natural Philosophy with a Vengeance.

Val. Indeed, Sir, he only brought me a strange Fish, and hearing your Voice, I was afraid you should be angry, and so that made me hide him.

Sir Rich. A Fish! 'tis the Flesh I fear; I'll have you married To-night— I believe this Fellow was the beggarly Ensign, who never march'd farther than from Whitehall to the Tower, who wants your Portion to make him a Brigadier, without ever seeing a Battle—Housewife, ha—tho' your philosophical Cant, with a Murrain to you—has put the Captain out of Conceit, I have a Husband still for you; come along, come along, I'll send the Servants to clear this Room of your Bawbles— [Pulls her off.] I will so.

Val. But the Servants won't, old Gentleman, that's my Comfort still. [Exit.

[Re-enter Lovely.]

Lov. I'm glad they are gone, for the Duce take me if I could hit the Way out.

[Enter Sir James.]

Sir James. Ha—Ensign! luckily met; I have been Labouring for you, and I hope done you a Piece of Service. Why, you look surpriz'd.

Lov.

Lov. Surpriz'd ! so wou'd you, Sir *Harry*, if you had been whelm'd under a Tub, without room to breathe.

Sir Jam. Under a Tub ! ha, ha, ha.

Lov. 'Twas the only Place of Shelter.

Sir Jam. Come, come, I have a better Prospect; the Captain is a very honest Fellow, and thinks if you can bear with the Girl, you deserve her Fortune ; here's your Part, [*Gives a Paper*] he'll give you your Cue ; he stays at his Lodging for you.

Lov. What's the Design ?

Sir Jam. That will tell you ; quick Dispatch.

Lov. Well, Sir *James*, I know you have a prolific Brain, and will rely on your Contrivances, and if it succeeds, the Captain shall have a Bowl of Punch large enough to set his Ship afloat. [*Exit.*

[*Lady Reveller, Lady Lucy, Mrs. Sago, appear*]

Sir Jam. The Tea-Table broke up already ! I fear there has been but small Recruits of Scandal To-day.

Mrs. Sago. Well, I'll swear I think the Captain's a pleasant Fellow.

Sir Jam. That's because he made his Court to her. [*Aside.*

L. Revel. Oh—I nauseate those amphibious Creatures.

Sir Jam. Umph ; she was not address'd to.

L. Lucy. He seems neither to want Sense, Honour, nor true Courage ; and methinks there is a Beauty in his plain Delivery.

Sir Jam. There spoke Sincerity without Affectation.

L. Revel. How shall we pass the Afternoon ?

Sir Jam. Ay, Ladies, how shall we ?

L. Revel. You here ! I thought you had list'd yourself Voluntier under the Captain, to board some Prize, you whisper'd so often, and sneak'd out one after another.

Sir Jam. Who would give one self the Pains to cruise Abroad, when all one values is at Home ?

L. Revel,

The Basset-Table.

41

Lady Revel. To whom is this directed? Or will you monopolize and ingross us all?

Sir James. No,—tho' you would wake Desire in every Beholder, I resign you to my worthy Friend.

Lady Lucy. And the rest of the Company have no Pretence to you.

Mrs. Sago. That's more than she knows. [*Aside.*]

Sir James. Beauty, like yours, wou'd give all Mankind Pretence.

Mrs. Sago. So, not a Word to me; are these his Vows?

[*In an uneasy Air.*]

Lady Lucy. There's one upon the Tease already.

[*Aside.*]

Lady Revel. Why, you are in Disorder, my Dear; you look as if you had lost a Trant Leva: What have you said to her, Sir James?

Sir James. I said, Madam! I hope I never say any Thing to offend the Ladies. The Devil's in these married Women, they can't conceal their own Intrigues, though they swear us to Secrecy. [*Aside.*]

Lady Lucy. You mistake, Cousin; 'tis his saying nothing to her has put her upon the Fret.

Lady Revel. Ah! your Observations are always malicious.

Mrs. Sago. I despise them, dear Lady Reveller, let's in to Picquet; I suppose Lady Lucy would be pleas'd with Sir James alone to finish her Remarks.

Lady Lucy. Nay, if you remove the Cause, the Discourse ceases.

Sir James. [*Going up to her.*] This you draw upon your self; you will discover it. [*To her.*]

Mrs. Sago. Yes, your Falshood.

Lady Revel. Come, my dear Sir James, will you make one at a Pool?

Sir James. Pardon me, Madam, I'm to be at White's in half an Hour, anon at the Basset-Table. I'm yours.

Mrs. Sago. No, no, he can't leave her.

[*Going, still looking back.*]

Lady

Lady Lucy. They play Gold Sir *James*.

Sir James. [Going up to *Lady Lucy*.] Madam, were your Heart the Stake, I'd renounce all Engagements to win that, or retrieve my own.

Lady Lucy. I must like the Counter-stake very well, e're I play so high.

Mrs. Sago. Sir *James*, heark'ye, one Word with you.

{ *Breaking from Lady Reveller's Hand,*
 { *pulling Sir James by the Sleeve.*

Lady Lucy. Ha, ha, I knew she could not stir; I'll remove your Constraint, but, with my wonted Freedom, will tell you plainly — your Husband's Shop would better become you than Gaming and Gallants. Oh Shame to Virtue, that Women should copy Men in their most reigning Vices!

Of Virtue's wholesome Rules unjustly we complain,
 When Search of Pleasures give us greater Pain.

How slightly we our Reputation guard,
 Which lost but once can never be repair'd.

Lady Revel. Farewel Sentences.

[*Enter Alpiew.*]

Alp. Madam — [*Whispers her Lady.*]

Mrs. Sago. So then, you'd persuade me 'twas the Care of my Fame.

Sir James. Nothing else I protest, my dear little Rogue; I have as much Love as you, but I have more Conduct.

Mrs. Sago. Well, you know how soon I forgive you your Faults.

Sir James. Now to what Purpose have I lyed my self into her good Graces, when I would be glad to be rid of her? [*Aside.*]

Lady Revel. Boored and spurr'd say you! Pray send him up, Sir *James*; I suppose Trusty *Buckle* is come with some diverting Embassy from your Friend.

[*Enter Buckle in a Riding-Dress.*]

Mr. Buckle, Why in this Equipage?

Buckle. Ah! Madam —

Lady Revel. Out with it.

Buckle.

Buckle. Farewel Friends, Parents, and my Country; thou, dear Play-House, and sweet Park, Farewel.

Lady Revel. Farewel, why, whether are you going?

Buckle. My Lord and I am going where they never knew Deceit.

Sir James. That Land is invisible, *Buckle.*

Lady Revel. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir James. Were my Lord of my Mind, your Ladyship should not have had so large a Theme for your Mirth. Your Servant Ladies. [Exit.

Lady Revel. Well, but what's your Business?

Buckle. My Lord charg'd me in his Name to take his everlasting Leave of your Ladyship.

Lady Revel. Why, where is he going pray?

Buckle. In Search of a Country where there is no Women.

Mrs. Sago. Oh dear! Why what have the Women done to him, pray?

Buckle. Done to him, Madam! He says they are all Proud, Perfidious, Vain, Inconstant, Coquets in England.

Mrs. Sago. Oh! He'll find they are every where the same.

Lady Revel. And this is the Cause of his whimsical Pilgrimage? Ha, ha.

Buckle. And this proceeds from your ill Usage, Madam; when he left your House—he flung himself into his Coach with such a Force, that he broke all the Windows—as they say—for my Part I was not there—When he came home he beat all his Servants round to be reveng'd.

Alp. Was you there, *Buckle.*

Buckle. No, I thank my Stars, when I arriv'd, the Expedition was over—in haste he mounted his Chamber—flung himself upon his Bed—burst out into a violent Passion—Oh that ever I should suffer myself to be impos'd upon, said he, by this Coquetish Beauty!

Lady Revel. Meaning me, *Buckle,* Ha, ha.

S

Buckle.

Buckle. Stay till I have finish'd the Piece, Madam, and your Ladyship shall judge—she's as Fickle as she's Fair—she does not use more Art to gain a Lover, said he, than to deceive him when he is fix'd—Humph. [Leering at her.]

Lady Revel. Pleasant—and does he call this taking Leave?

Mrs. Sago. A comical Adieu.

Buckle. Oh! Madam, I'm not come to the Tragical Part of it yet; starting from his Bed—

Lady Revel. I thought it had been all Farce—if there be any Thing Heroick in't, I'll set my Face and look grave.

Buckle. My Relation will require it, Madam, for I am ready to weep at the Repetition: Had you but seen how often he travers'd the Room, [Acting it.] hear'd how often he stamp'd, what distorted Faces he made, casting up his Eyes thus, biting his Thumbs thus.

Lady Revel. Ha, ha, ha, you'll make an admirable Actor—shall I speak to the Patentees for you?

Mrs. Sago. But pray how did this end?

Buckle. At last, Madam, quite spent with Rage, he sunk down upon his Elbow, and his Head fell upon his Arm.

Lady Revel. What, did he faint away?

Buckle. Oh, no.

Mrs. Sago. He did not die?

Buckle. No, but he fell asleep.

Lady Revel. Oh brave Prince *Prettiman*!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Buckle. After three Hours Nap he wak'd—and calling hastily—my dear *Buckle*, said he, let's to the End of the World; and try to find a Place where the Sun shines not here and there at one Time—for 'tis not fit that it should at once look upon two Persons whose Sentiments are so different—She no longer regards my Pain, Ungrateful, False, Inhuman, Barbarous Woman.

Lady Revel. Foolish, Fond, Believing, Easy Man;

Man; there's my Answer — Come, shall we to Picquet, my Dear?

Buckle. Hold, hold, Madam, I han't half done—

Mrs. Sago. Oh! Pray my Lady Reveller, let's have it out, 'tis very diverting—

Buckle. He call'd me in a feeble Voice; *Buckle*, said he, bring me my little Scrutore — for I will write to Lady Reveller before I part from this Place, never to behold her more—What, don't you cry, Madam?

Lady Revel. Cry—No, no; go on, go on.

Buckle. 'Tis done, Madam—and there's the Letter.

[Gives her a Letter.

Lady Revel. So, this compleats the Narration.

[Reads.

Madam, Since I cannot live in a Place where there is a Possibility of seeing you without admiring, I resolve to fly; I am going to Flanders; since you are false I have no Business here — I need not describe the Pain I feel, you are but too well acquainted with that — therefore I'll chuse Death rather than Return— Adieu.

Buckle. Can any Man in the World write more tenderly, Madam? Does he not say 'tis impossible to love you, and go for Flanders? and that he would rather hear of your Death than Return—

Lady Revel. Excellent! Ha, ha.

Buckle. What, do you laugh?

Mrs. Sago. Who can forbear?

Buckle. I think you ought to die with Grief; I warrant Heaven will punish you all.

[Going.

Mrs. Alp. But hark ye, *Buckle*, where are you going now?

Buckle. To tell my Lord in what Manner your Lady receiv'd his Letter; Farewel—now for Flanders—

Mrs. Alp. A fair Wind and a good Voyage to you.

[As he goes out, enter Lord Worthy.

Buckle. My Lord here! So, now may I have my Head broke for my long Harangue if it comes out.

Lady Revel. Oh Miraculous — my Lord! you have not finish'd your Campaign already, have you?

you? Ha, ha, ha; or has the *French* made Peace at hearing of your Lordship's intended Bravery, and left you no Enemies to combat?

Lord. My worst of Foes are here—here, within my Breast; your Image, Madam.

Lady Revel. O dear, my Lord, no more of that Theme, for *Buckle* has given us a Surfeit on't already—even from your breaking the Glasses of your Coach—to your falling fast asleep, Ha, ha, ha.

Lord. The Glasses of my Coach! What do you mean, Madam—Oh Hell! [*Biting his Thumbs.*]

Buckle. Ruin'd quite—Madam, for Heaven's sake what does your Ladyship mean? I ly'd in every Syllable I told you, Madam.

Lady. Nay, If your Lordship has a Mind to act it over again, we will oblige you for once—*Alpiew*, set Chairs—Come, dear *Sago*, sit down—and let the Play begin—*Buckle* knows his Part, and upon Necessity could act yours too, my Lord.

Lord. What has this Dog been doing? When he was only to deliver my Letter, to give her new Subject for Mirth—Death, methinks I hate her—Oh that I cou'd hold that Mind—What makes you in this Equipage? Ha! Sirrah? [*Aside.*]

Buckle. My Lord, I, I, I, I.

Lord. Peace Villian—

[*Strikes him.*]

Lady. Hey—this is changing the Scene.

Buckle. Who the Devil would rack his Brains for these People of Quality, who like no Body's Wit but their own?— [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sago. If the beating were Invention before, thou hast it now in reality; if Wars begin, I'll retire. They may agree better alone perhaps. [*Exit.*]

Lady. Where did you learn this Rudeness, my Lord, to strike your Servant before me?

Lord. When you have depriv'd a Man of his Reason, how can you blame his Conduct?

Buckle. Reason—Egad—there's not three Drams of Reason between you both—as my Cheek can testify. [*Aside.*]

Lady

The Basset-Table.

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Lady. The Affront was meant to me—nor will I endure these Passions—I thought I had forbid your Visits.

Lord. I thought I had resolv'd against them too.

Alpiew. But Resolutions are of small Force of either Side. [*Aside.*]

Lord. Grant me but this one Request, and I'll remove this hated Object.

Lady. Upon Condition 'tis the last.

Lord. It shall—I think it shall at least—Is there a Happy Man for whom I am despised?

Lady. I thought 'twas some such ridiculous Question; I'm of the *Low-Church*, my Lord, consequently hate Confessors! ha, ha, ha.

Buckle. And Penance too I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Lord. And every Thing but Play.

Lady. Dare you, the Subject of my Power—you, that petition Love, arraign my Pleasures? Now I'm fixt—and will never see you more.

Buckle. Now wou'd any Body swear she's in earnest.

Lord. I cannot bear that Curse—see me at your Feet again, [*Kneels.*] Oh! you have tortur'd me enough, take pity now dear Tyrant, and let my Suffering end.

Lady. I must not be Friends with him, for then I shall have him at my Elbow all Night, and spoil my Luck at the *Basset-Table*. [*Aside.*] Either Cringing or Correcting, always in Extreams—I am weary of this Fatigue.

He that would gain my Heart, must learn the Way
Not to controul, but readily obey;

For he that once pretends my Faults to see,
That Moment makes himself all Faults to me. [*Exit.*]

Buckle. There's the Inside of a Woman. [*Aside.*]

Lord. Gone—now Curses on me for a Fool—the worst of Fools—a Woman's Fool—

Whose only Pleasure is to feed her Pride,

Fond of her Self, she cares for none beside:

So true Coquets their numerous Charms display,

And strive to conquer, purpose to betray.

ACT

A C T IV.

[Enter Lord Worthy and Sir James.]

Sir James. **W**ELL, my Lord, I have left my Cards in the Hand of a Friend to hear what you have to say to me. Love I'm sure is the Text, therefore divide and subdivide as quick as you can.

Lord. Coud'st thou infuse into me thy Temper, Sir James, I shoud have thy Reason too; but I am born to love this Fickle, Faithless Fair—What have I not essay'd to raze her from my Breast; but all in vain! I must have her, or I must not live.

Sir James. Nay, if you are so far gone, my Lord, your Distemper requires an able Physician—What think you of *Lovely's* bringing a File of Musketeers and carry her away, *Vi & Armis*?

Lord. That Way might give her Person to my Arms, but where's the Heart?

Sir James. A Trifle in Competition with her Body.

Lord. The Heart's the Gem that I prefer.

Sir James. Say you so my Lord? I'll engage three Parts of *Europe* will make that Exchange with you; Ha, ha, ha.

Lord. That Maxim wou'd hold with me perhaps in all but her; there I must have both or none; therefore instruct me, Friend, thou who negligent in Love, keeps always on the Level with the Fair—What Method shall I take to sound her Soul's Design? For tho' her Carriage puts me on the Rack when I behold that Train of Fools about her, yet my Heart will plead in her Excuse, and calm my Anger spite of all Efforts.

Sir James. Humph? I have a Plot, my Lord, if you will comply with it.

Lord. Nothing of Force.

Sir

Sir James. Whate'er it be you shall be Witness of it, 'twill either quench your Flame, or kindle hers. I only will appear the Guilty; but here's Company, I'll tell you all within.

[Enter Captain and Lovely, dress'd like a Tar.]

Lord. I'll expect you.

[Exit.]

Sir James. Ha, Captain, how fits the Wind between you and your Mistress? Ha?

Capt. North and by South, Faith; but here's one sails full East, and without some unexpected Tornado, from the old Man's Coast—he makes his Port I warrant ye.

Lovely. I wish I were at Anchor once.

Sir James. Why, thou art as arrant a Tar, as if thou had'st made an *East-India* Voyage, ha, ha.

Lovely. Ay, am I not, Sir James? But Egad I hope the old Fellow understands nothing of Navigation; if he does, I shall be at a loss for the Terms.

Sir James. Oh! no matter for Terms—look big, and bluster for your Country—describe the *Vigo* Business—publick News will furnish you with that, and I'll engage the Success.

Capt. Ay, ay, let me alone, I'll bear up with Sir Richard, and thou shalt board his Pinnacle with Consent, ne'er fear—ho, here he comes full Sail.

[Enter Sir Richard.]

Sir Richard, I'm glad to see you; this is my Kinsman which I told you of; as soon as he landed I brought him to kiss your Hands.

Sir Rich. I honour you, you are welcome.

Lovely. I thank you, Sir,—I'm not for Compliments; 'tis a Land Language, I understand it not; Courage, Honesty, and Plain-dealing Truth, is the Learning of our Element; if you like that I am for ye.

Sir James. The Rogue does it to a Miracle,

[Aside to the Captain.]

Capt. He's an improving Spark, I find, ha, ha.

Sir Rich. Like it, Sir? why 'tis the only Thing I do like, hang Compliments and Court-breeding,

it serves only to make Men a Prey to one another, to encourage Cowardice, and ruin Trade— No, Sir, give me the Man that dares meet Death and Dinner with the same Appetite— one who rather than let in Popery, would let out his Blood; to maintain such Men I'd pay double Custom; nay, all my Gain shou'd go for their Support.

Sir James. The best Well-wisher to his Country of an *Englishman* I ever heard.

Lovely. Oh! *Sir Richard*, I wish the Nation were all of your Mind, 'twou'd give the Soldiers and the Sailors Life. Captain, launch off a round Lye or Two.

Capt. And make us fight with Heart and Hand; my Kinsman, I'll assure you, fits your Principle to a Hair; he hates the *French* so much, he ne'er fails to give them a Broadside where'er he meets them; and has brought in more Privateers this War than half the Captains in the Navy; he was the first Man that boarded the *French* Fleet at *Vigo*— and in *Gibraltar* Business— the *Gazeteer* will inform you of the Name of Captain *Match*.

Sir James. Is this that Captain *Match*?

Lovely. For want of a better, Sir.

Sir James. Sir, I shall be proud of being known to you.

Sir Rich. And I of being related to you, Sir—I have a Daughter young and handsome, and I'll give her a Portion shall make thee an Admiral, Boy; for a Soul like thine is fit only to Command a Navy— what say'st thou? art thou for a Wife?

Sir James. So, 'tis done, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Capt. A prosperous Gale I faith.

Lovely. I don't know, *Sir Richard*, mehap a Woman may not like me; I am rough and Storm-like in my Temper, unacquainted with the Effeminacy of Courts; I was born upon the Sea, and since I can remember, never liv'd two Months on Shore; if I marry, my Wife must go Aboard, I promise you that.

The Basset-Table.

51

Sir Rich. Aboard Man? Why *she* shall go to the *Indies* with thee—Oh! such a Son-in-Law—how shall I be bless'd in my Posterity? now do I foresee the Greatness of my Grand-Children; the Sons of this Man shall, in the Ages to come, make *France* a Tributary Nation.

Lovely. Once in an Engagement, Sir, as I was giving Orders to my Men, comes a Ball and took off a Fellow's Head, and struck it full in my Teeth; I whipp'd it up, clapp'd it into a Gun, and shot it at the Enemy again.

Sir Rich. Without the least Concern!

Lovely. Concern, Sir—ha, ha, ha, if it had been my own Head I would have done the like.

Sir Rich. Prodigious Effect of Courage!—Captain I'll fetch my Girl, and be here again in an Instant—What an Honour will it be to have such a Son.

[Exit.]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, you outdo your Master.

Sir James. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the old Knight's transported.

Lovely. I wish 'twas over, I am all in a Sweat; here he comes again.

[Enter Sir Richard and Valeria.]

Sir Rich. I'll hear none of your Excuses—Captain your Hand—there take her, and these Gentlemen shall be Witnesses, if they please, to this Paper, wherein I give her my whole Estate when I die, and twenty thousand Pounds down upon the Nail; I care not whether my Boy be worth a Groat—get me but Grandsons and I'm rich enough.

Capt. Generously said, I faith—much Good may do him with her.

Lovely. I'll do my Endeavour, Father, I promise you.

Sir James. I wish you Joy, Captain, and you, Madam.

Val. That's impossible;—can I have Joy in a Species so very different from my own? Oh my dear *Lovely*!—We were only form'd for one another;—

ther; — thy dear Enquiring Soul is more to me — than all these useless Lumps of animated Clay: Duty compels my Hand — but my Heart is subject only to my Mind, — the Strength of that they cannot conquer; — no, with the Resolution of the Great Unparallel'd *Epictetus*, — I here protest my Will shall ne'er assent to any but my *Lovely*.

Sir Rich. Ay, you and your Will may philosophize as long as you please, — Mistress, — but your Body shall be taught another Doctrine, — it shall so, — Your Mind and your Soul quotha! Why, what a Pox has my Estate to do with them? Ha? 'Tis the Flesh Houfwife, that must raise Heirs, — and Supporters of my Name; — and since I knew the getting of the Estate, 'tis fit I should dispose of it, — and therefore no more Excuses, this is your Husband, do you see, — take my Word for it.

Val. The outward empty Form of Marriage take,
But all beyond I keep for *Lovely's* Sake.

Thus on the Ground for ever fix my Eyes;
All Sights but *Lovely* shall their Balls despise.

Sir Rich. Come, Captain, — my Chaplain is within, he shall do the Business this Minute: If I don't use the Authority of a Father, this Baggage will make me lose such a Son-in-Law, that the City's Wealth can't purchase me his Fellow. [*Aside.*]

Lov. Thanks dear Invention for this timely Aid:
The Bait's gone down, he's by himself betray'd.
Thus still where Arts both true and honest fail,
Deceitful Wit and Policy prevail.

Val. To Death, or any Thing, — 'tis all alike to me.

[*Exit cum Valeria.*]

Sir Rich. Get you in I say, — Hussey, get you in. In my Conscience my Niece has spoil'd her already; but I'll have her married this Moment: Captain, you have bound me ever to you by this Match; command me and my House
for

for ever; — But shall I not have your Company, Gentlemen, to be Witnesses of this Knot, this joyful Knot?

Capt. Yes, Faith, *Sir Richard*, I have too much Respect for my Kinsman to leave him, — till I see him safe in Harbour; I'll wait on you presently.

Sir James. I am engag'd in the next Room at Play, I beg your Pardon, *Sir Richard*, for an Hour; I'll bring the whole Company to congratulate the Bride and Bridegroom.

Sir Rich. Bride and Bridegroom! Congratulate me, Man! Methinks I already see my Race recorded amongst the foremost Heroes of my Nation; — Boys, all Boys, — and all Soldiers.

They shall the Pride of *France* and *Spain* pull down,
And add their *Indies* to our *English* Crown. [*Exit.*

Sir James. Ha, ha, ha, never was Man so bigotted before; — how will this End when he discovers the Cheat? Ha, ha, won't you make one with the Ladies, Captain?

Capt. I don't care if I do venture a Piece or two; I'll but dispatch a little Business and meet you at the Table, *Sir James*.

[*Enter Lady Lucy.*]

Sir James. Ha, *Lady Lucy*! is your Ladyship reconcil'd to *Basset* yet? Will you give me leave to lose this Purse to you, Madam?

Lady Lucy. I thank Fortune, I neither wish, nor need it, *Sir James*; I presume the next Room is furnish'd with Avarice enough to serve you in that Affair, if it is a Burthen to you; or *Mrs. Sago's* ill Luck may give you an Opportunity of returning some of the Obligations you lie under.

Sir James. Your Sex, Madam, extorts a Duty from ours, and a well bred Man can no more refuse his Money to a Lady, than a Sword to his Friend.

Lady Lucy. That Superfluity of good Manners, *Sir James*, would do better converted into Charity; this Town abounds with Objects, —

would it not leave a more glorious Fame behind you to be the Founder of some pious Work, when all the Poor, at mention of your Name, shall bless your Memory, than that Posterity should say you wasted your Estate on Cards and Women.

Sir *James*. Humph, 'tis pity she were not a Man, she preaches so emphatically. (*Aside.*) Faith, Madam, you have a very good Notion, but something too early; — when I am old, I may put your Principles in Practice, but Youth for Pleasure was design'd. —

Lady *Lucy*. The truest Pleasure must consist in doing good, which cannot be in Gaming.

Sir *James*. Every Thing is good in its Kind, Madam; Cards are harmless Bits of Paper, Dice insipid Bones — and Women made for Men.

Lady *Lucy*. Right, Sir *James*, — but all these Things may be perverted. — Cards are harmless Bits of Paper in themselves, yet through them, what Mischiefs have been done? What Orphans wrong'd? What Tradesmen ruin'd? What Coaches and Equipages dismiss'd for them?

Sir *James*. But then, how many fine Coaches and Equipages have they set up, Madam?

Lady *Lucy*. Is it the more honourable for that? How many Misses keep Coaches too? Which Arrogance in my Opinion only makes them more eminently scandalous. —

Sir *James*. Oh! Those are such as have a Mind to be damn'd in this State, Madam; — but I hope your Ladyship don't rank them amongst us Gamesters.

Lady *Lucy*. They are inseparable, Sir *James*; Madam's Grandeur must be upheld — tho' the Baker and Butcher shut up Shop.

Sir *James*. Oh! Your Ladyship wrongs us middling Gentlemen there; to ruin Tradesmen is the Quality's Prerogative only; and none beneath a Lord can pretend to do't with an honourable Air, ha, ha.

Lady

Lady Lucy. Their Example sways the meaner Sort; I grieve to think that Fortune shou'd exalt such vain, such vicious Souls, — whilst Virtue's cloath'd in Raggs.

Sir James. Ah! Faith, she'd make but a scurvy Figure at Court, Madam; the Statesmen and Politicians wou'd suppress her quickly; — but whilst she remains in your Breast she's safe, — and makes us all in love with that fair Covering.

Lady Lucy. Oh! Fie, fie, Sir James, you cou'd not love one that hates your chief Diversion.

Sir James. I shou'd hate it too, Madam, on some Terms that I cou'd name.

Lady Lucy. What wou'd make that Conversion pray?

Sir James. Your Heart.

Lady Lucy. I cou'd pay that Price — but dare not venture upon one so wild. — [*Aside.*] First let me see the Fruit e'er I take a Lease of the Garden, Sir James.

Sir James. Oh! Madam, the best Way is to secure the Ground, and then you may manure and cultivate it as you please.

Lady Lucy. That's a certain Trouble, and uncertain Profit, and in this Affair, I prefer the Theory before the Practick: But I detain you from the Table, Sir James — you are wanted to Tally — your Servant. — [*Exit.*]

Sir James. Nay, if you leave me, Madam, the Devil will tempt me, — She's gone, and now can't I shake off the Thought of Seven wins, Eight loses — for the Blood of me, — and all this grave Advice of her's is lost, — Faith, — tho' I do love her above the rest of her Sex; — she's an exact Model of what all Women ought to be, — and yet your merry little coquettish Tits are very diverting; — well, now for Basset; let me see what Money have I about me. — Humph! about a hundred Guineas, — half of which will set the Ladies to cheating — false Parolies in abundance.

Each trifling Toy wou'd tempt in Times of Old,
 Now nothing melts a Woman's Heart like Gold.
 Some Bargains drive, others more nice than they, }
 Who'd have you think they scorn to kiss for Pay; }
 To purchase them you must lose deep at Play.
 With several Women, several Ways prevail;
 But Gold's a certain Way that cannot fail. [*Exit.*]

The SCENE draws, and discovers Lady Reveller, Mrs. Sago, and several Gentlemen and Ladies round a Table at Basset.

[*Enter Sir James.*]

Lady Revel. Oh! Sir James, are you come? We want you to Tally for us.

Sir James. What Luck, Ladies?

Lady Revel. I have only won a *Sept & leva*.

Mrs. Sago. And I have lost a *Trante & Leva*,— my ill Fortune has not forsok me yet I see.

Sir James. I go a Guinea upon that Card.

Lady Revel. You lose that Card.

Mr. Sago. I make Sir James's Card double.

Banker. Seven wins, and five loses; you have lost it, Madam.

Mrs. Sago. Again?— sure never was Woman so unlucky. —

Banker. Knave wins, and ten loses; you have won, Sir James.

Lady Revel. Clean Cards here.

Mrs. Sago. Burn this Book, 't has an unlucky Air, (*Tears them.*) Bring some more Books.

(*Enter Captain.*)

Lady Revel. Oh! Captain, — here set a Chair; come, Captain, you shall sit by me — now if we can but strip this Tarr.

Capt. With all my Heart, Madam; — come, what do you play Gold? — that's something high tho'; — well, a Guinea upon this honest Knave of Clubs.

Lady Revel. You lose it for a Guinea more.

Capt. Done, Madam.

Banker.

Banker. The Five wins, and the Knave loses.

Lady Revel. You have lost it Captain.

Sir James. The Knave wins for two Guineas more, Madam.

Lady Revel. Done, Sir *James.*

Banker. Six wins, — Knave loses.

Sir James. Oh! the Devil, I fac'd, I had rather have lost all.

Banker. Nine wins, Queen looses, — you have won.

Mrs. Sago. I'll make a Paroli, — I mase as much more; your Card loses, Sir *James*, for two Guineas, your's, Captain, loses for a Guinea more.

Banker. Four wins, Nine loses; — you have lost Madam.

Mrs. Sago. Oh! I cou'd tear my Flesh — as I tear those Cards; — Confusion! — I can never win above a wretched Paroli; for if I push to *Sept & Leva*, 'tis gone.

[Walks about disorderly.]

Banker. Ace wins, Knave loses.

Capt. Sink the Knave, I'll ser no more on't.

Lady Revel. Fac't again; — what's the Meaning of this ill Luck to Night? Bring me a Book of Hearts, I'll try if they are more successful, that on the Queen; yours and your Card loses.

Mrs. Sago. Bring me a fresh Book; bring me another Book; bring me all Diamonds.

[Looks upon them One by One, then throws them over her Shoulders.]

Lady Revel. That can never be lucky; the Name of *Jewels* don't become a Citizen's Wife. *[Aside.]*

Banker. King wins, the Tray loses.

Sir James. You have great Luck to Night, Mr. *Sharper.*

Sharper. So I have, Sir *James*, — I have won *Soneca* every Time.

Lady Revel. But if he has got the Nack of winning thus, he shall sharp no more here, I promise him.

[Aside.]

Mrs. Sago. I mase that.

Lady Revel. Sir *James*, pray will you Tally.

Sir James. With all my Heart, Madam:

[Takes the Cards and shuffles them.

Mrs. Sago. Pray give me the Cards, Sir.

[Takes 'em and stuffles 'em, and gives 'em to him again.

Capt. I set that.

Lady Revel. I set Five Guineas upon this Card,
Sir James.

Sir James. Done, Madam,—Five wins,—Six loses.

Mrs. Sago. I set that.

Sir James. Five don't go, and Seven loses.

Capt. I mase double.

Lady Revel. I mase that.

Sir James. Three wins, Six loses.

Mrs. Sago. I mase, I mase double, and that —
Oh ye malicious Stars! — again.

Sir James. Eight wins, Seven loses.

Capt. So, this *Trante & leva* makes some amends;—
Adsbud, I hate cheating. — What's that false Cock
made for now? Ha, Madam?

Lady Revel. Nay, Mrs. Sago, if you begin to
play foul.

Mrs. Sago. Rude Brute, to take notice of the
Slight of Hand in our Sex; — I protest he wrongs
me, Madam, — there's the *Dernier* stake, and
I'll set it all, — now Fortune favour me, or this
Moment is my last.

Lady Revel. There's the last of fifty Pounds, —
what's the meaning of this?

Sir James. Now for my Plot; her Stock is low I
perceive.

[Slips a Purse of Gold into the Furbeloes of Lady Reveller's Apron.

Lady Revel. I never had such ill Luck, — I must
fetch more Money: Ha, from whence came this?
This is the genteelest Piece of Gallantry; the Ac-
tion is Sir Harrys, I see by his Eyes.

[Discovers a Purse in the Furbeloes of her Apron.

Sir James. Nine wins, Six loses.

Mrs. Sago. I am ruin'd and undone for ever; oh, oh,
oh, to lose every Card, oh, oh, oh. [Bursts out a Crying.

Capt.

Capt. So, there's one Vessel sprung a-Leak, and I am almost ashore; — if I go on at this Rate, I shall make but a lame Voyage on't I doubt.

Sir James. Duce wins, King loses.

Capt. I mase again, — I mase double, I mase again; — now the Devil blow my Head off if ever I saw Cards run so; damn 'em.

[Tears the Cards, and stamps on 'em.]

Sir James. Fie, Captain, this Concern among the Ladies is indecent:

Capt. Damn the Ladies, — mayn't I swear, — or tear my Cards, if I please; I'm sure I have paid for them; pray count the Cards, I believe there's a false Tally.

Sir James. No they are right, Sir.

[Sir James counts 'em.]

Mrs. Sago. Not to turn one Card! Oh, oh, oh.

[Stamps up and down.]

Lady Revel. Madam, if you play no longer, pray don't disturb those that do. — Come, Courage, Captain, *Sir James's* Gold was very lucky. — Who cou'd endure these Men, did they not lose their Money?

[Aside.]

Capt. Bring another Book here; — that upon Ten, — and I mase that. —

[Puts down a Card, and turns another.]

Sir James. King face't, Eight wins, Ten loses.

Capt. Fire and Gunpowder.

(Exit.)

Lady Revel. Ha, ha, ha, what is the Captain vanish'd in his own Smoke? — Come I bett it with you, Mr. *Sharper*; your Card loses.

[Re-enter Captain, pulling in a Stranger, which he had fetch'd out of the Street.]

Capt. Sir, do you think it possible to lose a *Trante & leua*, a *Quinze-leua*, — and a *Sept & leua*, — and never turn once.

Stranger. No sure, 'tis impossible.

Capt. Ounds you lye, I did, Sir.

(Laying his Hand on his Sword.)

Lady

Lady Revel. and } Ah, ha,
all the Women. } Ah, ha, [Scriek and run off.

Capt. What the Devil had I to do among these Land-Rats? — Zounds, to lose forty Pounds for nothing, not so much as a Wench for it; Ladies, quotha, — a Man had as good be acquainted with Pick-pockets. [Exit.

Sir James. Ha, ha, ha, the Captain has frightened the Women out of their Wits, — now to keep my Promise with my Lord, tho' the Thing has but an ill Face, no Matter.

They join together to enslave us Men;
And why not we to conquer them again.

A C T V.

Enter Sir James on one Side, and Lady Reveller on the other.

Lady Revel. **S**IR James, what have you done with the rude Porpois?

Sir James. He is gone to your Uncle's Apartment, Madam, I suppose. — I was in Pain till I knew how your Ladyship did after your Fright.

Lady Revel. Really, Sir James, the Fellow has put me into the Spleen by his ill Manners. Oh, my Stars! that there should be such an unpolish'd Piece of Humanity, to be in that Disorder for losing his Money to us Women. — I was apprehensive he would have beat me, ha, ha.

Sir James. Ha, ha, your Ladyship must impute his ill Breeding to the Want of Conversation with your Sex; but he is a Man of Honour with his own, I assure you.

Lady Revel. I hate out of fashion'd Honour. — But where's the Company, Sir James? Shan't we play again?

Sir James. All dispers'd, Madam.

Lady Revel. Come, you and I'll go to Picquet then.

Sir

Sir Jam. Oh, I'm tir'd with Cards, Madam, can't you think of some other Diversion to pass a chearful Hour?— I cou'd tell you One, if you'd give me Leave.

L. Revel. Of your own Invention? Then it must be a pleasant One.

Sir Jam. Oh, the pleasantest one in the World.

L. Revel. What is it, I pray?

Sir Jam. Love, Love, my dear Charmer.

(Approaches her.

L. Revel. Oh, Cupid! How came that in your Head?

Sir Jam. Nay, 'tis in my Heart, and except you pity me, the Wound is mortal.

L. Revel. Ha, ha, ha, is Sir James got into my Lord Worby's Class?— You that could tell me I should not have so large a Theme for my Diversion, were you in his Place, ha, ha, ha: What, and is the Gay, the Airy, the Witty, Inconstant Sir James overtaken? ha, ha.

Sir Jam. Very true, Madam,— you see there is no Jestings with Fire.— Will you be kind?

(Gets between her and the Door.

L. Revel. Kind? What a dismal Sound was there?— I'm afraid your Fever's high, Sir James, ha, ha.

Sir Jam. If you think so, Madam, 'tis time to apply cooling Medicines.

(Locks the Door.

L. Revel. Ha, what Insolence is this? The Door lock'd! What do you mean, Sir James?

Sir Jam. Oh, 'tis something indecent to name it, Madam, but I intend to shew you.

(Lays hold on her.

L. Revel. Unhand me, Villain, or I'll cry out—

Sir Jam. Do, and make yourself the Jest of Servants, expose your Reputation to their vile Tongues,— which, if you please, shall remain safe within my Breast; but if with your own Noise you blast it, here I bid Defiance to all Honour

nour

nour and Secrecy,—and the first Man that enters, dies.

(*Struggles with her.*)

L. Revel. What shall I do? Instruct me Heaven.—Monster, is this your Friendship to my Lord? And can you wrong the Woman he adores?

Sir Jam. Ay, but the Woman does not care a Soule for him; and therefore he has no Right above me; I love you as much, and will possess.

L. Revel. Oh! Hold,—Kill me rather than destroy my Honour;—what Devil has debauch'd your Temper? Or, how has my Carriage drawn this Curse upon me? What have I done to give you Cause to think you ever should succeed this hated Way?

(*Weeps.*)

Sir Jam. Why this Question, Madam? Can a Lady that loves play so passionately as you do,—that takes as much Pains to draw Men in to lose their Money, as a Town Miss to their Destruction,—that caresses all Sorts of People for your Interest, that divides your Time between your Toilet and *Basset-Table*; can you, I say, boast of innate Vertue?—Fye, fye, I am sure you must have guess'd for what I play'd so deep;—we never part with our Money without Design,—or writing Fool upon our Foreheads;—therefore no more of this Resistance, except you would have more Money.

L. Revel. Oh! horrid.

Sir Jam. There was fifty Guineas in that Purse, Madam,—here fifty more; Money shall be no Dispute.

(*Offers her Money.*)

L. Revel. (*Strikes it down.*) Perish your Money with yourself—you Villain—there, there; take your boasted Favours, which I resolv'd before to have repaid in *Specie*; basest of Men, I'll have your Life for this Affront—what ho, with-in there.

Sir Jam. Hush!—'Faith, you'll raise the House. (*Lays hold on her.*) And 'tis in vain—you're mine; nor will I quit this Room 'till I'm possess'd.

(*Struggles.*
L. Revel.

L. Revel. Raise the House ? I'll raise the World in my Defence ; help, Murther ! Murther — a Rape, a Rape —

[*Enter Lord Worthy from another Room with his Sword drawn.*]

Lord. Ha ! Villain, unhand the Lady — or this Moment is thy last.

Sir Jam. Villain, back my Lord — follow me. (*Exit.*)

L. Revel. By the bright Sun that shines, you shall not go — no, you have sav'd my Vertue, and I will preserve your Life — let the vile Wretch be punish'd by viler Hands — your's shall not be prophan'd with Blood so base, if I have any Power —

Lord. Shall the Traytor live ? — Tho' your barbarous Usage does not merit this from me, yet in Consideration that I lov'd you once — I will chastise his Insolence.

L. Revel. Once — Oh ! say not once ; do you not love me still ? Oh ! how pure your Soul appears to me above that detested Wretch. (*Weeps.*)

Sir Jam. (Peeping.) It takes as I cou'd wish —

Lord. Yet how have I been slighted ; every Fop prefer'd to me — Now you discover what Inconveniency your Gaming has brought you into — this from me would have been unpardonable Advice — now you have prov'd it at your own Expence.

L. Revel. I have, and hate myself for all my Folly — Oh ! forgive me — and if still you think me worthy of your Heart — I here return you mine — and will this Hour sign it with my Hand.

Sir Jam. How I applaud myself for this Contrivance.

Lord. Oh the transporting Joy, it is the only Happiness I covet here.

Haste then my Charmer, haste the long'd-for Bliss, The happiest Minute of my Life is this. (*Exit.*)

Sir

Sir *Jam.* Ha, ha, ha, ha; how am I censur'd now for doing this Lady a Piece of Service, in forcing that upon her, which only her Vanity and Pride restrain'd.

So blushing Maids refuse the courted Joy,
Tho' wishing Eyes, and pressing Hands comply;
Till by some Stratagem the Lover gains,
What she deny'd to all his amorous Pains.

[*As Sir James is going off, enter Lady Lucy meeting him.*]

Sir *Jam.* Ha, Lady *Lucy*!—Having succeeded for my Friend, who knows but this may be my lucky Minute too?—Madam, you come opportunely to hear. *(Takes her by the Hand.)*

L. Lucy. Stand off, basest of Men, I have heard too much; could'st thou chuse no House but this, to act thy Villanies in? And could'st thou offer Vows to me, when thy Heart, poison'd with vicious Thoughts, harbour'd this Design against my Family?

Sir *Jam.* Very fine, 'Faith, this is like to be my lucky Minute with a Witness; but Madam—

L. Lucy. Offer no Excuse, 'tis height of Impudence to look me in the Face.

Sir *Jam.* 'Egad, she loves me — Oh! Happy Rogue——this Concern can proceed from nothing else. *(Aside.)*

L. Lucy. My Heart till now unns'd to Passion swells with this Affront; wou'd reproach thee——wou'd reproach myself, for having harbour'd one favourable Thought of thee.

Sir *Jam.* Why did you, Madam?—'Egad I owe more to her Anger than ever I did to her Morals.

L. Lucy. Ha! What have I said?

Sir *Jam.* The only kind Word you ever utter'd.

L. Lucy. Yes, Impostor; know to thy Confusion, that I did love thee, and fancy'd I discover'd some Seeds of Vertue amongst that Heap of Wickedness; but this last Action has betray'd the fond Mistake, and shew'd thou art all o'er Fiend.

The Basset-Table.

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Sir Jam. Give me leave, Madam——

L. Lucy. Think not this Confession meant to advance thy impious Love, but hear my final Resolution.

Sir Jam. 'Egad I must hear it—— I find; for there's no stopping her.

L. Lucy. From this Moment I'll never——

Sir Jam. (*Clapping his Hand before her Mouth.*) Nay, nay, nay, after Sentence no Criminal is allow'd to Plead; therefore I will be heard—not Guilty, not Guilty, Madam, by—if I don't prove that this is all a Stratagem, contriv'd, study'd, design'd, prosecuted, and put in Execution, to reclaim your Cousin, and give my Lord Possession—may you finish your Curse, and I be doom'd to everlasting Absence—'Egad I'm out of Breath—

L. Lucy. Oh! Cou'd'st thou prove this?

Sir Jam. I can, if by the Proof you'll make me happy; my Lord shall convince you.

L. Lucy. To him I will refer it, on this Truth your Hopes depend.

In vain we strive our Passions to conceal,
Our very Passions do our Loves reveal;
When once the Heart yields to the Tyrant's Sway,
The Eyes or Tongue will soon the Flame betray.

(*Exit.*)

Sir Jam. I was never out at a critical Minute in my Life.

[*Enter Mr. Sago and two Bailiffs meeting Alpieu.*]

Mr. Sago. Hark ye, Mistress, is my Wife here?

Alp. Truly, I shan't give myself the 'Trouble of seeking her for him, now she has lost all her Money——your Wife is a very indiscreet Person, Sir.

Mr. Sago. I'm afraid I shall find it so to my Cost.

Bailiffs. Come, come, Sir, we can't wait all Day—the Actions are a thousand Pounds—You shall have Time to send for Bail, and what Friends you please.

Mr.

Mr. *Sago*. A thousand Pounds! (*Enter Mrs. Sago*.)
Oh Lambkin! have you spent me a thousand Pounds.

Mrs. *Sago*. Who, I Pudd? Oh! undone for ever—

Mr. *Sago*. Pudd me no Pudd—Do you owe Mr. *Taby* the Mercer two hundred Pounds, ha?

Mrs. *Sago*. I, I, I don't know the Sum, dear Pudd—but, but, but I do owe him something; but I believe he made me pay too dear.

Mr. *Sago*. Oh! thou Wolfkin instead of Lambkin—for thou hast devour'd my Substance; and do'st thou owe Mr. *Dollar* the Goldsmith three hundred Pounds? Do'st thou? Ha, speak Tygrefs.

Mrs. *Sago*. Sure it can't be quite three hundred Pounds? (*Sobbing*.)

Mr. *Sago*. Thou Island Crocodile thou—and do'st thou owe *Ratsbane* the Vintner an hundred Pounds? And were those Hampers of Wine which I receiv'd so joyfully, sent by thyself to thyself, ha?

Mrs. *Sago*. Yes, indeed, Puddy—I, I, I beg your Pardon. (*Sobbing*.)

Mr. *Sago*. And why did'st not thou tell me of them, thou Rattle-Snake?—for they say they have sent a hundred Times for their Money—else I had not been arrested in my Shop.

Mrs. *Sago*. Be, be, be, because I, I, I was afraid, dear Puddy. (*Crying*.)

Mr. *Sago*. But wer't not thou afraid to ruin me tho', dear Pudd? Ah! I need ask thee no more Questions, thou Serpent in Petticoats; did I doat upon thee for this? Here's a Bill from *Callicoe* the Linnen-Draper; another from *Setwell* the Jeweller—from *Coupler* a Mantua-maker, and *Pimpwell* the Milliner; a Tribe of Locusts enough to undo a Lord-Mayor.

Mrs. *Sago*. I hope not, truly, Dear, Dearey I'm sure that's all.

Mr.

Mr. Sago. All, with a Pox — no Mrs. Jezebel, that's not all; there's two hundred Pounds due to myself for Tea, Coffee and Chocolate, which my Journeyman has confess'd, since your Roguery came out—that you have imbezzell'd, Housewife, you have; so, this comes of your keeping Quality Company—e'en let them keep you now, for I have done with you, you shall come no more within my Doors, I promise you.

Mrs. Sago. Oh! kill me rather; I never did it with Design to part with you, indeed Puddy.

(Sobbing.)

Mr. Sago. No, no, I believe not, whilst I was worth a Groat. Oh!

(Enter Sir James.)

Sir Jam. How! Mrs. Sago in Tears, and my honest Friend in Ruffins Hands; the Meaning of this?

Mr. Sago. Oh! Sir James—my hypocritical Wife is as much a Wife as any Wife in the City—I'm arrested here in an Action of a thousand Pounds, that she has taken up Goods for, and gam'd away; get out of my Sight, get out of my Sight, I say.

Mrs. Sago. Indeed, and indeed, (Sobbing.) Dear Puddy, but I cannot—no, here will I hang for ever on this Neck.

(Flies about his Neck.)

Mr. Sago. Help, Murder, Murder; why, why, what will you collar me?

Sir Jam. Right Woman; I must try to make up this Breach—Oh! Mr. Sago, you are unkind.—'tis pure Love that thus transports your Wife, and not such base Designs as you complain of.

Mr. Sago. Yes, yes; and she run me in Debt out of pure Love too, no doubt.

Mrs. Sago. So it was, Pudd.

Mr. Sago. What was it (ha, Mistress) out of Love to me that you have undone me? Thou, thou, thou, I don't know what to call thee bad enough.

Mrs. Sago. You won't hear your Keecky out, dear Pudd; it was out of Love for Play — but for
Lo,

Lo, Lo, Love to you, dear Pudd ; if you'll forgive me, I'll ne'er play again.

[Crying and Sobbing all the while.]

Sir Jam. Nay, now, Sir, you must forgive her.

Mrs. Sago. What! Forgive her that would send me to Jail?

Sir Jam. No, no, there's no Danger of that, I'll bail you, Mr. Sago, and try to compound those Debts—You know me, Officers.

Officers. Very well, Sir James, your Worship's Word is sufficient.

Sir Jam. There's your Fess then, leave here your Prisoner, I'll see him forth-coming.

Officers. With all our Hearts; your Servant, Sir.
(Exit.)

Mr. Sago. Ah thou wicked Woman, how I have doated on those Eyes! How often have I kneel'd to kiss that Hand! Ha, is not this true, Keecky?

Mrs. Sago. Yes, Deary, I, I, I, I do confess it.

Mr. Sago. Did ever I refuse to grant whatever thou ask'd me?

Mrs. Sago. No, never, Pudd—*(Weeps still.)*

Mr. Sago. Might'st thou not have eaten Gold, as the Saying is, ha?—Oh Keecky, Keecky!

(Ready to weep.)

Sir Jam. Leave Crying, and wheedle him, Madam, wheedle him.

Mrs. Sago. I do confess it; and can't you forgive your Keecky then, that you have been so tender of, that you so often confess your Heart has jump'd up to your Mouth when you have heard my Beauty prais'd.

Mr. Sago. So it has, I profess, Sir James—I begin to melt—I do; I am a good-natur'd Fool, that's the Truth on't: But if I should forgive you, what would you do to make me amends? For that fair Face, if I turn you out of Doors, will quickly be a cheaper Drug than any in my Shop.

Sir Jam. And not maintain her half so well—
promise largely, Madam.

(To Mrs. Sago.)
Mrs.

Mrs. Sago. I'll love you for ever, Deary.

Mr. Sago. But you'll jig to *Covent-Garden* again.

Mrs. Sago. No, indeed, I won't come within the Air on't, but take up with City Acquaintance, rail at the Court, and go twice a Week with Mrs. *Outside to Pinmakers-hall*.

Mr. Sago. That would rejoyce my Heart.

(Ready to weep.

Sir Jam. See, if the good Man is not ready to weep; your last Promise has conquer'd—Come, come, Buss and be Friends, and end the Matter—I'm glad the Quarrel is made up, or I had had her upon my Hands.

(Aside.

Mrs. Sago. Pudd, don't you hear Sir James, Pudd?

Mr. Sago. I can hold no longer. — Yes, I do hear him,—come then to the Arms of thy nown Pudd.

(Run into one another's Arms.

Sir Jam. Now all's well; and for your Comfort, Lady Reveller is by this Time married to my Lord *Worthy*, and there will be no more Gaming, I assure you, in that House.

Mr. Sago. Joys upon Joys. Now if these Debts were but accommodated, I should be happier than ever; I should indeed, *Keecky*.

Sir Jam. Leave that to me, Mr. Sago, I have won Part of your Wife's Money; and will that Way restore it you.

Mr. Sago. I thank you, good Sir James, I believe you are the first Gamester that ever refunded.

Mrs. Sago. Generously done, — Fortune has brought me off this Time, and I'll never trust her more.

Sir Jam. But see the Bride and Bridegroom.

[Enter Lord Worthy and Lady Reveller, Lady Lucy, Buckle, Alpiew.]

L. Lucy. This Match which I have now been Witness to, is what I long have wish'd; your Course of Life must of Necessity be chang'd.

L. Revel.

L. Revel. Ha, Sir *James* here ! — Oh, if you love me, my Lord, let us avoid that Brute ; you must not meet him.

Sir Jam. Oh, there's no Danger, Madam. — My Lord, I wish you Joy with all my Heart ; we only quarrel'd to make you Friends, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

L. Revel. What, am I trick'd into a Marriage then ?

Lord. Not against your Will, I hope.

L. Revel. No, I forgive you ; tho' had I been aware of it, it should have cost you a little more Pains.

Lord. I wish I could return thy Plot, and make this Lady thine, Sir *James*.

Sir Jam. Then I should be paid with Interest, my Lord.

L. Lucy. My Fault is Consideration you know, I must think a little longer on't.

Sir Jam. And my whole Study shall be to improve those Thoughts to my own Advantage.

Mr. Sago. I wish your Ladyship Joy, and hope I shall keep my *Keecky* to myself now.

Lady. With all my Heart, *Mr. Sago*, she has had ill Luck of late, which I am sorry for.

Mr. Sago. My Lord *Worthy* will confine your Ladyship from Play as well as I, and my Injunction will be more easy when I have your Example.

Buckle. Nay, 'tis Time to throw up the Cards when the Game's out.

[Enter Sir Richard, Captain Hearty, Lovely, and Valeria.]

Capt. Well, Sir *James*, the Danger's over ; we have doubled the Cape, and my Kinsman is sailing directly to the Port.

Sir Jam. A boon Voyage.

Sir Rich. 'Tis done, and my Heart is at Ease. — Did you ever see such a perverse Baggage ? Look in his Face, I say, and thank your Stars ; for their best Influences gave you this Husband.

Lov.

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Lov. Will not *Valeria* look upon me ? She us'd to be more kind when we have fish'd for Eels in Vinegar.

Val. My *Lovely*, is it thee ! And has natural Sympathy forborn to inform my Sense thus long ?

(*Flies to him.*)

Sir Rich. How ! How ! This *Lovely* ? What, does it prove the Ensign I have so carefully avoided ?

Lovely. Yes, Sir, the same ; I hope you may be brought to like a Land-Soldier, as well as a Sea-man.

Sir Rich. And, Captain, have you done this ?

Capt. Yes, 'Faith, she was too whimsical for our Element ; her hard Words might have conjur'd up a Storm for ought I know, — so I have set her ashore.

L. Revel. What, my Uncle deceiv'd with his Stock of Wisdom ? ha, ha, ha.

Buckle. Here's such a Coupling, Mrs. *Alpiew*, han't you a Month's Mind ?

Mrs. Alp. Not to you, I assure you.

Buckle. I was but in Jest, Child ; say Nay, when you're ask'd.

Sir Fam. The principal Part of this Plot was mine, Sir *Richard*.

Sir Rich. Wou'd 'twas in my Power to hang you for't.

(*Aside.*)

Sir Fam. And I have no Reason to doubt you should repent it ; he is a Gentleman, tho' a younger Brother ; he loves your Daughter, and she him, which has the best Face of Happiness in a marry'd State ; you like a Man of Honour, and he has as much as any one, that I assure you, Sir *Richard*.

Sir Rich. Well, since what's past is past Recal, I had as good be satisfied as not ; therefore take her, and bless ye together.

Lord. So now each Man's Wish is crown'd, but mine with double Joy.

Capt.

The Basset-Table.

Capt. Well said, Sir *Richard*, let's have a Bowl of Punch, and drink to the Bridegroom's good Voyage To-night—steady, steady, ha, ha.

Mr. Sago. I'll take a Glass with you, Captain,—I reckon myself a Bridegroom too.

Buckle. I doubt *Keecky* won't find him such.

Mrs. Sago. Well,—poor *Keecky's* bound to good

(*Aside.*
Behaviour,

Or she had quite lost her Puddy's Favour.

Shall I for this repine at Fortune?—No,

I'm glad at Heart that I'm forgiven so.

Some Neighbours Wives have but too lately shewn,
When Spouse had left 'em, all their Friends were
(*flown.*

Then all you Wives that wou'd avoid my Fate,
Remain contented with your present State.

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F I N I S.

